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HIPPO HUNTER AND BOAT—MELUT

FROM CATARACT TO EQUATOR

BY

JAMES TEACKLE DENNIS

Author of "The Burden of Isis," and "On the Shores of an Inland Sea."

Illustrated with photographs by the author

RICHARD G. BADGER
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PREFACE.

Just a century ago, in that Island in the North Atlantic whose sons have borne her flag from the heat of equatorial regions to where the blasts of the Antarctic pole drive their white legions "adown the viewless valleys of the wind," there was born of humble but sturdy parents one whose name will be forever connected with the African continent — David Livingstone. Of his career it is unnecessary to speak; but had it not been for the indomitable energy, bravery and steadfastness of Livingstone, these pages might never have been written, and some of the most glorious (as well as some of the most disgraceful), pages of England's Colonial policies would have probably remained blank. He blazed the trail: yet it would be the height of remissness not to name some of those who followed after, and added to the work begun by that great apostle of civilization — men of the type of Sir Samuel Baker, Henry M. Stanley, Paul B. Du Chaillu, Col. Charles Chaille-Long, Genl. Charles Gordon, Sir William Johnston, and other great explorers of the "Dark Continent." The ordi-

No attempt is made in the following pages to go into details of the origin, life, customs, etc., of the various wild tribes that habitat in this central portion of the great continent: the typical differences and racial characteristics are those that anyone can see at a glance — if they *see* what they *look* at —; but the trip is one of such varied, new experiences, so full of the novelty of that which is old by many a thousand years, and yet perhaps seeming old because of some dim, atavistic tendencies yet lingering in the blood, that I cannot but hope that the reader may find throbbing within his heart some chord responsive to the brotherhood — far removed physically — of the denizens of these sun-haunted regions, and may receive some, at least, of the pleasure and delights of the tropic days which the author felt in following the Nile — mother of earth's earliest known civilization — towards its source.

JAMES TEACKLE DENNIS.

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FROM CATARACT TO EQUATOR

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CHAPTER I

THE gateway from the north, which opens into the "Dark Continent"—Nubia, the Sûdan, and the wild, almost unknown regions of equatorial Africa—is located amid the rocky defiles and dark, polished cliffs surrounding Shellal, Biga and Philæ. Here the Nile, after twenty-five hundred miles of wandering through barren deserts, narrow strips of cultivated land, rocky gorges, and vast expanses of swamp, marsh and forest, narrows and girds itself for its last great struggle to reach the sea at what is known as the "First Cataract," which marks the southern boundary of Egypt.

From the town of Shellal—the scattered collection of houses at the southern terminus of the railroad from Assuan, whose inhabitants make their living chiefly by hiring their gaudily decorated boats to tourists for the excursion to the island of Philæ—until one reaches Abu Simbel

— (or Ipsambûl, as it is frequently called) — two hundred miles further south, lies the country formerly known as "Nubia"; while beyond Abu Simbel, for fifteen hundred miles, the wastes of what now constitutes the "Sûdan" stretch toward the equator, where Uganda begins. These two countries — Nubia and the Sûdan — comprise the "Ethiopia" of past ages; and perhaps the extreme southern section of this region, as well as Uganda and the Congo, may have been included in the dominions of the land of "Punt," which most certainly lay in this direction, and whose products and characteristics, as depicted on the monuments of Egypt, and described by historians of that earlier day, find their counterparts in our own times in that far distant territory where ages seem but as moments and change is unnoticeable.

Standing on the river bank at Shellal, while the Nile is yet low, one may see, at the distance of about a mile up stream, the temples that adorn the brow of Philæ — gem of the Nile — lifting their golden-brown columns toward the azure of the heavens — Philæ the half-submerged yet still lovely; built in the far-off days of over twenty centuries ago, when Egypt herself was old and weary, shorn of her powers and her greatness, and reduced to the condition of a tributary province under the sway of the Greek conqueror. Then

Philæ marked the southernmost boundary of Egypt: a few outposts scattered here and there where once the rule of Pharaoh had been paramount, and later to be occupied by only a handful of troops to give warning of the approach of fierce Blemmye warriors, who, a few centuries after, compelled even the eagles of imperial Rome to pause in their flight; eight or ten ruined temples, built in the olden days when Nubia was subject to Egypt's ruler, and restored and rededicated as shrines to stranger deities, when Nubia had cast off the foreign yoke — deities not only of the native faiths but those of Greek, Roman and Christian belief — these, and the histories of the past, few, meager and fragmentary, alone marked the power of Egypt beyond where those yellow, glowing temples of Isis and Hathor — goddesses of beauty and fertility — reared their heads above the green island toward the warm sun and blue skies of Ethiopia. So one should pause awhile at this threshold between two lands, and read the story of Philæ — or better still, hear her whisper it with her own sweet lips — as a preface to that somber continent beyond, which is to-day living its life and following out its destinies just as it did when Philæ grew into flower — just as it did when the Pharaoh Mentu-Hotep, twenty-five hundred years before man dreamed of these temples at

the first cataract, sent his eager soldiery into its far-distant regions, to bring back thence to Kem the ivory, apes, spices, skins, gold and dwarfs of its interior fastnesses — even as it did, perhaps, ere yet the pyramids first pointed with their stony fingers upward to where Ra, the sun-god, traveled his daily course,— for here indeed "thy tread is on an empire's dust." I had visited the beautiful island frequently in the past; but never did I so thoroughly realize its fairness as on that morning early in January, 1910, when, with my wife, we embarked at Shellal for the long voyage whose limit was to be near the equator — to follow along the pathway trod by Egypt's military divisions, Greek phalanxes, Roman cohorts, Mohammedan hordes, and in these later days by the civilized descendants of wild old northern Britons, whose cross floats to-day beside the star and crescent of the Moslem over all this region.

At a distance of perhaps a mile south from Shellal lies the little island of Philæ, which has given its name to the group of temples erected thereon. The landing is usually made on the north end of the island, and quite close to the great stone gateway of Roman work built by order of the emperor Diocletian, and in his time the principal entrance way to the temples. In front are the remains of a fine stone quay; the gateway itself consists of three graceful arches: the central one

has fallen, but the two side entrances, which are smaller and were used only for foot passengers, are yet intact. Owing to the rapid increase in the height of the river caused by closing of the sluice gates of the barrage recently erected near Assuan, the gateway is invaded by a daily rise of about sixteen inches of water; and while at this time we walked dry-shod out to the extreme end of the quay, within less than two months the entire gateway becomes submerged nearly to the top; and where of old gifts and offerings innumerable were carried by joyous multitudes under its stone archways, only the yellow eddying currents of the ever faithful Nile bring their fertile treasures from the distant countries near her source — best and truest of worshipers, for she brings her all to the shrine that man has desecrated and deserted. Just behind the work of Diocletian are the remains of a large temple which the Copts — iconoclastic and destructive — have altered into a Christian church; the sculptured stones of the older building have been ruthlessly torn down, and rebuilt hap-hazard into the apse, choir and chancel of the structure of the younger faith, and the inscriptions and figures of kings and gods have frequently been chiseled out, so much did the Copts hate the older beliefs which formed the foundations of much that was best in their own. Still more ruined is the temple

built by Augustus Cæsar, just north, though it is not improbable that Time has done more than the hands of man in creating destruction and in destroying creation in this case. We stumbled over fallen columns and capitals, and broken fragments of wall hidden in the high, stiff grass, which is interspersed with thousands of gourd vines; and wended our way first to the western side of the little island, to the gateway of Hadrian — a large square chamber opening on the river to the west; its style is very different from that of the arch of Diocletian, for it is built quite in the Egyptian manner, and its wall paintings and inscriptions are yet fresh and bright with color, though the encroaching Nile is beginning to devour it piecemeal. If one returns by the eastern side of the great temple, there will be noticed a curious formation of wall on both sides of what was originally the main roadway up to the temple buildings; the stones forming this wall, instead of being placed horizontally, are laid in a long, sloping curve, lowest at the middle and high at both ends: on the left hand, at the southernmost end of this roadway, stands the beautiful little temple dedicated to Hathor, whose face adorns the capitals of the columns, and with the colors still as brilliant upon its walls as when placed there by the brush of Ptolemy's painters, 200 B. C. A few steps in front, there rises a

dainty shrine dedicated to some god whose name is unknown, as the shrine is absolutely uninscribed; it has a tiny altar still in its original situation; and where, untold centuries ago, the scent of offerings and the perfume of flowers filled the little chamber, now only the warm air and brilliant sunshine offer their unending incense through the long days and hours.

Then we turn to the right, by the small but beautiful gateway of Philadelphus, and lo! before us on the left appears the long colonnade, with vistas of the river through its broken walls, and on the right, the great temple! This was one of the chief seats of the worship of Isis — oldest of Egypt's faiths, and also the last one to vanish from the reverence of her race; a cult which, transplanted to the shores of Italy by the Roman conquerors, was popular not only in that country but in Gaul and far-off Britain long after the land whence it sprang had ceased to be. Begun over 300 B. C., this is one of the younger groups of Egyptian temples, but it is also one of the most beautiful, particularly in its choice of location, on this rock-engirdled island in mid-Nile. In front of the main pylon lie two great stone lions, which formerly guarded the entrance, and stretching from thence southward is a long, graceful colonnade court, reaching to the ruined temple of Nekht-Nebf, last native ruler of

Egypt; on the side of the colonnade to the eastward are doors opening into various shrines and chapels dedicated to Mandulis, Irihes-Nofer and Imhotep — mushroom deities that sprung up when the old faiths were altering, and newer ideas were permeating all lines of religious thought. We ascended the great pylon, whence one obtains a magnificent view both up and down the river and across to where the black rocks of Biga, with their ruined eighteenth dynasty temple, hide the yellow desert beyond. Inside the first court of the temple, and to the left on entering, lies the "birth house"— dark and slumberous, where the mysteries connected with the celebration of the birth of Horus, son of Isis, were held; while far within the main temple, in the gloom of the central chamber, is the holy of holies — home of the goddess, and unentered save by the chief priest or the reigning Pharaoh long, long ago — and now profaned by the gabble of a hundred alien tongues and the scrutiny of twice a hundred alien eyes. One other important structure blossoms upon this little island — the Roman temple variously called "the Kiosk," or "Pharaoh's bed"; though it had absolutely no connection with any of the Pharaohs, being built by command of Trajan, whose cartouche and figure appear upon the only two finished wall screens, on the south side of the

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temple. Unlike any other building in all Egypt, it lifts its airy columns to-day above the encroaching waters of the Nile as proudly as in that far-distant period of time when the sculptor's mallet and chisel were laid aside after finishing those two beautiful panels, never again to receive a touch of decoration save from the hands of Time and Nature — those two artists who have made fairer that which man left fair, and have given to Egypt's temples and monuments a halo that history alone could never give — the halo of immortal beauty to mortal workmanship. And the temples of Philæ are passing, as passed the deities to whom they were dedicated, and their votaries. In a few years, the increased height of the Assuan barrage will submerge much of what is yet remaining; and wealthy stockholders and pachas will become wealthier, while Egypt will be the poorer — and not only Egypt, but the world of travel, history, architecture and taste. It was my good fortune to have traveled several times over this portion of the Nile by invitation of Mr. Macnaghten, of the Department of the Interior, on various trips of inspection made by him in the steamer belonging to his excellency Hafiz-Bey, the Mudîr of the Assuan district, and which is the official steamer for all governmental purposes. Yet every time that I passed Philæ, its impressiveness and

beauty seemed to increase, until I realized that it was in truth "the gem of the Nile,"— a poetic name often applied to it even in the far-away centuries of its life and freshness, and not the less true to-day, brooding there over the past, surrounded by the ever faithful rock-barriers that watched that cradle of the goddesses, and will yet watch after all is done, and the curtain fallen.

And this is the portal to Nubia; — beyond, new races and new scenes succeed one another, until the civilization that the world has lost, merges imperceptibly into that barbarism which yet remains — perhaps in its turn to reach a new and different altitude of civilization far in the mists of future centuries — another stepping-stone in the upward progress of humanity toward the divine.

CHAPTER II

THE journey hence to central Africa must be made in three stages — first, boat to Halfa, second, by train across the desert to Khartûm, and lastly, boat from Khartûm to the farthest point of possible navigation, in equatorial regions. No railroad has yet been laid between Shellal and Halfa, and the wide detours and various cataracts between Halfa and the great city of the Sûdan that Gordon made memorable, forbid navigation between those points, even by native craft of the shallowest draft. Therefore, we found ourselves one morning on one of the comfortable little steamers plying between the first and second cataracts, with very congenial traveling companions, among whom were M. and Mme. Montefiore, of Paris, Comte Rippabella, of Turin, Mr. Ernest Pilkington, a young English artist, and five or six others. After leaving the rocky shores of Shellal, the steamer passes between low banks only slightly cultivated, with here and there a tiny town of mud-brick houses; and occasionally there is seen a watch-tower on some far hillock, built during the period

when the Mahdi lived and ruled, and intended to guard the frontiers and to give timely warning of the approach of the dreaded hordes from the interior who owned his sway and that of his brutal lieutenant and successor, the Khalifa. Thus we passed through wide stretches of desert and cultivation alternating the one with the other, until we reached a collection of villages, in the midst of which is the temple of Dabud, or Dabot, on the west bank and facing the river — the first temple that one meets in ascending the Nile between the first and second cataracts that is of Ethiopian origin. Unlike the temples of Egypt, those of Nubia are almost always built on terraces, and Dabud is no exception. To reach it, we had to cross about a quarter of a mile of sandy field, with scattered thorn-bushes and the ever-present gourd vines growing here and there, arriving at last before the first of three small gateways — the remains of former pylons in all probability; from this entrance a path leads through the two other gateways directly up to the quaint little temple itself, which seems far too small for the large courtyards that lay between it and the entrance. The holy of holies and a small chamber in front of it seem to have constituted the entire temple structure — yet the former still contains a huge sandstone shrine placed there by Izekher-Amen, builder of the temple

and King of Nubia some two hundred and fifty years B. C., and within which stood the statue of the deity. The Roman emperors have added some inscriptions here and there on the walls, but the principal work remaining is that of Izekher-Amen. The sheikh of the village of Dabud — (whence the temple derives it name) — is a white-bearded old veteran, who proudly wears upon his breast the English medal for distinguished service; and he informed me that it was pinned upon him by General Sir Herbert Kitchener himself, in recognition of his services in the campaign against the Mahdi's forces, in which he took a prominent part.

We spent over an hour rambling around the temple, conversing with the natives, and taking photographs; then southward once again, through cultivated bits and sandy sweeps of desert, until there appears on the right a cluster of slender columns, suggestive of Trajan's Kiosk at Philæ, surmounting a small sandy hill overlooking the river — the little temple of Kertassi. A baby temple it seems, open to the skies and sunshine above and to the winds and sands of Nubia on all four sides; with four Hathor-head columns and two square pillars alone standing, guardians of a lost faith and a vanished deity. No inscriptions of any kind have been found in or about the temple, nor are there any other remains anywhere

in the immediate neighborhood, so it may be possible that the temple was never actually completed. Its similarity to the Kiosk, however, would suggest Roman influence as its source, but this is impossible to prove; and even the name of the god to whom it was dedicated cannot be ascertained. A mile further on, we come to the walls of a large town of Roman times, with a single granite doorway modeled after the usual Egyptian style opening on the north face of the town enclosure; the walls themselves are still standing to a height of eighteen or twenty feet. This is probably the city of Tafeh, an outpost and garrison town of much importance during the imperial period. The plans of the streets and many of the houses can still be clearly perceived and traced, though full sixteen centuries have stolen through the unbarred gateway since the last centurion gave his cohorts their orders beneath the granite portal. Now the fallen tenements and deserted streets harbor only the rough-wooled black sheep and goats that pasture in the great enclosure, or the jolly little "wag-tails" that are prevalent all over this fair land and take the place which with us is held by the pugnacious "English sparrow." Shortly after leaving Tafeh, the Nile narrows, running between high black cliffs, barren of any signs of verdure — the "Bab-el Kalabsha"— gate or gorge of Kalabsha.

Strong cross currents and hidden rocks make the navigation of the narrow channel somewhat dangerous, especially at low water; and the native boats, which depend solely on their patched and ragged sails and the fluctuating currents of wind for their motive power are especially at a disadvantage; but our steamer carefully threads her way through the dangerous pass, and soon we emerge into the yellow ocean of sand with its green fringe along the water's edge, which is all that can truthfully be called "Nubia."

In all the villages through this part of the country, as far south even as Korosko, one will notice that the women greatly outnumber the men,—in fact, one may find towns containing only six or eight men and at least a hundred women; and on inquiring the reason, I was told that owing to their extreme reliability and aptitude, the native male population finds situations as waiters, gardeners, gatekeepers, etc., throughout Egypt, and are in great demand, especially during the winter: after the tourist season ends, they return home to their friends and families. Chastity on the part of both sexes is the rule, exceptions being exceedingly rare, and the natives have an original and unusual method of ensuring the same which renders anything else practically an impossibility. Being in such an overwhelming majority, during the winter months at least, the women

could easily run a successful suffragette campaign, if they so desired; but evidently they are quite content with the present condition of things, and no change would appeal to them that would in any way alter a situation that has lasted for untold generations. A short distance up-stream from Bab-el Kalabsha is a collection of villages located on both sides of the river, all embraced under the name of Umbarekab, or Ambarekat; which, while not possessing any ruins or remains of earlier epochs, is an interesting native community. The men here were more numerous than in most of the other places we visited in Nubia; the reason being that the government is negotiating with them at this time for the sale of their houses, many of which will be entirely submerged when the barrage at Assuan is completed. As not only each house, but also each palm tree, has its pecuniary value, and as the latter are here very numerous and each has its individual owner, anyone acquainted with the oriental method of bargain and sale can easily comprehend the difficulties that beset the assessors in arranging a satisfactory basis; and as many of the houses are quite large and well built, the difference of opinion as to their value which arises between the owner and the government officials, is indeed wide. Yet seven to eight pounds sterling seems a ridiculously low price to offer for a large house with several rooms, and a good-sized court-

yard attached, even though the materials composing it consist of sun-dried mud-brick, and its adornments are only grotesque and gaudily painted monstrosities; for it means the labor of months in a land where conditions of temperature make work for a large part of the year almost an impossibility, and besides, it is *home,* the seat of one's "lares et penates," and very dear to the heart beating within the dusky Nubian breast. I have often noticed that, no matter how poor and mean their houses may be, the natives, both of Egypt and of Nubia, are proud of their possession, and will welcome one within their wretched hovels with as great pleasure and delight as though it were ushering one into a palace.

I was told by Mr. Nacnaghten that he had more difficulty in adjusting differences as to the values of property at Umbarekab than anywhere else in Nubia. These houses are somewhat better built than are those of a similar class in Egypt, and are also much cleaner, for I entered several — (always, of course, by invitation of the owner); they are frequently adorned on the outside with an open-work checker-board pattern of brick placed along the top, and often this design is continued along the walls of the courtyard; while another very much favored decoration is the insertion of plates, cups, saucers, etc., at various points in the outside walls. Many of the natives have dis-

carded the usual garments of this region, and have adopted gaudy blankets of flaming colors, in which they wrap themselves, preferring their brilliant designs to the somber habiliments worn by their more northern brethren; and the gallibiyas — long, flowing, wide-sleeved gowns — are a superb sky blue in color, instead of the black or indigo shades preferred by the Egyptian peasantry. In view of the destruction of their town by the increased high Nile, many of the villagers, instead of remaining in the neighborhood and rebuilding above the high water mark, are — curiously enough — showing a disposition to move down the river to the neighborhood of Kom Ombo, below the first cataract.

It was on one of my excursions with Mr. Macnaghten that I had the good fortune to visit a very curious quarry not far from Umbarekab, which is well worth seeing, although none of the steamers stop there, and dahabeiyas are so rare that this spot is practically unknown to travelers. There are numerous high sand hills and drifts along the river shore at this point which have to be climbed before one reaches the rocks wherein the quarries are situated. After ascending these obstructions, one comes to a well-made flight of steps leading up to a path which conducts one to the quarry proper. This path is cut through the rock itself, and on both sides are numerous steles

and inscriptions in hieroglyphic and Greek, with occasional incised figures of men or animals. At the end of this pathway the quarry itself opens, covering perhaps an acre. The west face of the cliff has been first leveled and smoothed, and afterward carved with numerous statues and busts, generally of life size, in the solid rock. In front of a "false door" cut in the style usually found in Egyptian tombs, there stands a small altar, uninscribed, while the walls and face of the cliff are covered with funereal inscriptions, in addition to which are hundreds of Greek graffiti in red paint, nearly all reading alike. The date of this most interesting quarry should be about 200 to 150 B. C. A little native boy who had followed us there told me that a short distance away was another and finer quarry, but Mr. Macnaghten's official duties would not permit of any longer stay, so we were regretfully obliged to leave the other quarry unvisited.

It is a curious fact that of all the Nubian temples extant, not one is found on the east bank of the Nile, and only one whose main axis is not at right angles to the river's course — this is probably to be accounted for by the fact that the west was considered the region of the dead; therefore, the temples, which primarily were for the worship of the semi-divine deceased, and only later of the god who ruled the destinies of his votaries, were

necessarily built in the direction toward which the soul had fled: and these quarries, whence were taken the stone for many of the temples in all probability, were likewise situated on the west bank of the Nile, and oriented thereto, from parity of reasoning. A few miles beyond this curious and most interesting quarry, as we were steaming through fairly well cultivated land, our attention was drawn to a great pylon that reared itself aloft, high above the surrounding trees and hillocks — the temple of Kalabsha — next to Abu Simbel, the largest in Nubia. The steamer tied up beside a long stone quay or pier in front of the temple — the original landing place, but recently restored by M. Barsanti; and all the passengers trooped ashore. Having visited the temple previously, and not needing the services of the dragoman connected with the steamer — (who, though a very well-informed native, dealt either in generalities, or else went into the minutiæ usually found in guide books), I chose my own line of investigation, accompanied only by my wife. We were thus freed from the crowd of natives who always hover around a tourist party, and could enjoy ourselves in our own way. Built under Ptolemaic and Roman rulers on the site of a structure first erected by Amen Hotep II of Egypt, twenty-five centuries earlier, and dedicated to the Nubian god "Melul," this temple in its present form presents

all the usual characteristics of an Egyptian temple — fine large pylons separating the various courts, holy of holies surrounded by small chambers for clothing, offerings and grain, sacred lake, etc. This place was a flourishing city in Roman times, and was the capital of the Blemmyes, whose remains have been found even as far north as Assuan: it was a thorn in the side of Rome until it was captured by Petronius and his legions after severe fighting. The pylon is perfectly plain and unadorned by any carvings whatever, save for the niches for flagstaffs on its outer side; but the temple itself is in excellent preservation, and the wall paintings are so well executed and their colors so fresh and brilliant that they will bear comparison with the best work of Egypt's craftsmen that have lasted to the present day. Just on the south side of the temple, M. Barsanti, in the course of his work, recently discovered a great well, with a flight of steps on the inside leading down to the water. Within the temple itself, and on the rear wall outside, one finds the usual scenes of royalty making offerings to deity, priests performing various services, and the category of scenes one becomes familiar with in Egypt. The natives of Kalabsha are ardent beggars, and at the same time seem to be more resentful at the intrusion of tourists than anywhere else in Nubia, so far as I saw: perhaps the wild Blemmye blood in their veins

still runs red and strong, and they view all newcomers in somewhat the same light as their ancestors did the cuirassed, helmeted bearers of the Eagles: their pertinacity amounts to more than an impertinence, in any case. The remains of the old city are scattered thickly around the temple to the north and west; and after overlooking them carefully, we made our way through the somewhat dirty modern village and up a steep slope in natural terraces, to reach the small rock-temple of Rameses II, which is known in the neighborhood by the name of "Bêt el Wali"—"the saint's house"—so called from a reputed "holy man" who inhabited it many decades ago. This small temple was carved out of the mountain side by the great Pharaoh to commemorate his victories over the Ethiopians, a history of which campaign is inscribed upon its walls; but if the victories were commensurate with the size of the temple, they must have been of but slight importance. Carving temples from mountain sides, with their chambers within the bosoms of the mountains themselves, seems to have originated with Rameses the Great, for only in his reign are they found; the Ptolemies and a few Pharaohs have left some partially cut in the rock, near El Kab and elsewhere, but these seem to have been the only examples that are not Ramesside.

It was evening when the steamer reached Den-

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dur; the sands, that had glowed with hues of fiery copper and molten gold under the midday sun, had paled into amber; the black cliffs watching the silent river had become ghostly and gray under the shadows; while overhead, tints as soft as rainbow reflections were strewn across the sky in great waves of light — for Ra-Tum, God of the Setting Sun, is a wonderful painter, and daily his celestial canvas glows with new and ever beautiful delineations; and while a warm wind, fresh from the quivering lips of the desert, swept with its soft caresses the cheeks of the waters, we glided onward to where this small but beautiful temple of Dendur, built by Augustus Cæsar, stands midway between cliff and shore, greeting the one with its modest shrine and the other with its graceful pylon towers. These latter rise majestically and proudly through the shadows of the evening, while the temple itself lurks furtively in the background — a fitting habitation for the old-time faith and its deity, who needed no other setting for his gem than that furnished by Nature's own hand.

Here we passed the night beneath the sleepless eyes of the temple and the stars — those constellations whose eternal watchfulness guarded its cradle for untold æons before the architects of the great Augustus brought it to birth; and with the coming of dawn, the steamer churned her way onward toward Dakka, another temple built by Nubian

rulers, founded about 300 B. C. by Irq-Ámen, or Ergamenes, as his name has come down to us in its Hellenized form.

Dakka marks the site of the ancient Pselkis, a famous Roman garrison town, of which, however, nothing now remains, even the lines of the city walls being obliterated. In front of Irq-Amen's temple are the ruined foundations of a much older temple of Pharaonic work, erected when Nubia was a dependency of Egypt; but after achieving her independence, the older temple was destroyed, and the materials thereof incorporated into the later structure. Our party climbed to the top of the pylon, which is quite intact, by means of a stairway ascending through the inside of the structure: the view from thence will well repay the climber, embracing as it does the valley of the Nile for many miles north and south, and overlooking the Nubian desert to where the infinite celestial spaces blend with the sandy boundaries into a dim mistiness, where hill and cloud intermingle. This temple alone, of all in Nubia, is built with its principal axis parallel to the river; so that the shrine and pylon, instead of facing the rising sun, gazes toward the polar constellations. The shrine lies in broken fragments upon the floor of the deserted holy of holies, and the walls of the outer court just to the rear of the pylon have disappeared; but repairs are now going on which will ultimately re-

sult in a restoration of most, if not all, of the fragments that remain to their original positions. Not far from Dakka, we passed the old walled city and fort of Mehendi, now ruined and abandoned, save by herds of brown and black sheep and goats, tended by naked Nubian children, scattered here and there amid the scant herbage tenanting the deserted city.

CHAPTER III

ONE noteworthy feature connected with the landscape here in Nubia is the entire disappearance of the shadûf, or hand-power method of raising water for irrigation; the saqqiya takes its place everywhere. These saqqiyas are large wheels, bearing endless ropes with jars attached, turned by cattle; they are built close to the banks, and the lower end of the ropes reaches a short distance beneath the water; the descending buckets are thus filled and brought to the surface, where they are emptied automatically into troughs, which conduct the water thus received into their appropriate irrigation ditches.

And now the hills begin to assume new forms — no longer rugged of outline and with numerous sharp peaks, but so closely resembling pyramids, with their straight, sloping sides and blunt apexes, that one might easily mistake them for their artificial brethren, so perfect is the alignment of their sides and angles; and the glistening white of the circumambient sands gives them a gloomier black tone by contrast; while overhead, sky and sun seem alike aflame. On and

on we go, through the turbid wavelets of the Nile, until afar appears the glitter of polished granite obelisk and statue, and an intermingled mass of temple walls and pylons — and then the temple of Sebûa — an Egyptian structure — is before us. Not as large as most of the temples of the "middle empire," yet this building of Rameses the Great is unique in its style of ornamentation and in its decoration. The gateway to the outer court has fallen, but two colossal standing figures of the great Egyptian ruler and builder yet guard the narrow entrance, while behind them two rows of huge sphinxes flank the pathway in front of us that leads toward the shrine. The first two of these couchant sphinxes bear hawks' heads surmounted by the "white crown" of upper Egypt. These are quite unique; for while the sphinx is usually sacred to Hor-em-Khuti, or "Horus of the Two Horizons," and bears either a human or a ram's head — ("Androsphinxes" or "Kriosphinxes," respectively —) those with the hawk head are emblematic of and dedicated to Mentu, the Egyptian god of war.

Here, of course, the inscriptions all relate to the victories of the Egyptian Pharaoh over Ethiopia, and on the bases upon which the sphinxes rest appear delineated the names of the various tribes and cities in that region which were conquered by him who bore the title of "The Great."

At the end of these two rows of sphinxes, which are in a large court encircled by the usual girdle wall, we reach the base of a long flight of steps leading up to the temple proper, guarded by a fine pylon, before which a colossal Rameses in granite yet stands upon the left hand side; its companion upon the right has fallen. Passing through the gateway in this pylon, a second court is entered, where holy Christian hands have torn down or covered over the work of Pharaoh, and turned the temple of Mentu into a Coptic church! Crude paintings of saints and angels now intermingle with worshiping kings and stiff, receptive deities, and the shrine of the warrior-god himself now contains a fresco of St. Peter, holding a key fully as large as his own head, with his name in Greek characters by his side, so that no mistake could be made as to which saint was represented. And on either side of him as if in mockery, the Coptic plastering has fallen away, and discloses Rameses, with a beneficient smile on his face, approaching the saint with an offering! Shades of the mighty! What a tax upon one's credulity is such a combination! On the southern side of the temple, a narrow, worn and crooked stairway leads to the flat roof, which we ascended, finding the usual footmarks of pilgrims carved here and there; and on the other side of the structure are found rooms for the reception of offerings, and dressing rooms for the priest-

hood. Outside of the temple, lying between it and the pylon, are several chambers and large vats, the latter being probably used to hold the grain brought as tribute to the priests; but they are all bare of decoration; the roofs have fallen and the walls are caving in, and no white-robed servant of the god now takes his toll of the swarthy peasantry, who work or slumber, as the spirit moves them, around the deserted tenement of the deity. Leaving Sebûa, we shortly afterward sailed past a high range of black mountains through which the Nile has carved for itself a miniature gorge, within which, close by the east bank, lies the well-guarded town of Korosko. This represented the extreme outpost of Egypt's — or rather England's — troops during the days of Mahdism, and happy indeed were the few fugitives from the far interior who finally beheld the whitewashed walls and houses of the fortified garrison town nestling beneath the somber hills that held back successfully the inspired hordes of the new prophet of Islâm.

Korosko was known to the old Egyptians as early as the sixth dynasty, about 3600 B. C., and has always been one of the strongholds on the Nile, commanding as it does both the river and the caravan routes through the desert. From the abundance of iron in the neighborhood the sands here, instead of presenting a golden tint, have taken a deep red tone; and under the sunset lights

as we steamed past, they assumed a color that one might easily ascribe to the slaughter of unnumbered sacrifices that have drenched the earth with blood, to plead for the forgiveness of sins for a nation.

The next stop made by the steamer is at Amada, where there is a small temple, chiefly noteworthy in that it is the oldest monument of that nature in all Nubia, having been built by the Egyptian Pharaoh Usertesen II, about 2500 B. C. And though small, this temple of Amada has the distinction of bearing inscriptions of nearly all the great rulers of Egypt from Usertesen to the times of the "Pharaoh of the Exodus"— for Merenptah's victories are recorded along with those of his great ancestors during a period of about twelve centuries.

A French painter was camping near by, and when, after dinner, our party visited the temple, which looked pale and dim as the Ka of its vanished deity in the brilliant moonlight — (which, here in the orient has its own especial alchemy that turns all things to glowing color —) several of us unceremoniously visited his camp and routed him out, passing a mutually pleasant half hour together, I am sure, since two of his fellow-country people formed a part of his "surprise-party." Just beyond Amada, but situated on the east bank of the river, lies one of the greatest walled cities

of Roman times found under these torried suns — Kasr Ibrîm, as the natives call it to-day. The ascent to the town is by a difficult and steep path through yielding sands, winding along the north and east sides up to the summit of the great rock whereon the town is situated,— the original pathway, evidently, as there is only one entrance to this well-guarded city, and that is through an Egyptian gateway bearing on the architrave the winged sun-disc cut in the hard granite of which it is composed, and situated midway of the wall on the landward side. The walls in some places have fallen into the river, but otherwise are in fairly good condition; and the ruined houses yet contain many unfound treasures, as I was told that recently one of the crew of the steamer discovered a quantity of Roman coins and bits of gold jewelry while he was surreptitiously digging in one of the deserted dwellings. The only structures of any importance now remaining are the Coptic church and the temple. Of this latter, the pylon alone stands, guarding a mass of ruins, the result of a recent earthquake; but much of the church still remains comparatively intact, and in the great central nave, on the keystone to one of the three tall arches, may yet be seen a curiously carved bird — either Noah's dove or the " Holy Spirit " — standing on its tail and with its head pointing stiffly heavenward, with two unshapely legs and equally

misshapen wings projecting out horizontally from the body. The apse contains fragments of paintings, rude and uncouth, but still quite equal to many an old " masterpiece " existing in the various galleries of Europe, and over which one is expected to enthuse.

We wandered for some time through the labyrinth of streets encumbered with the fallen debris of dwellings and other edifices, and regretted, when the whistle recalled us to the steamer, that time was lacking to more thoroughly explore this most interesting relic of past civilization and culture, for such indeed it must have been.

The heat of the sun, even at this time — January — is so intense that at this point I first noticed that most of the saqqiyas are protected from its rays at the top and on the sides by large mats of woven grass or reeds; and as I said, shadûfs have entirely disappeared, because the Nubian, as well as the Egyptian, cannot withstand the fiery arrows of Helios at his fiercest, and it is quite a mistake to suppose that they are accustomed to the great heat of the summer months: on the contrary, during this season, but little work is done after 10 a. m. until the lengthening shadows show that the sungod is losing his powers; and then only does the native, who has rested during the heat of the day, resume his labors. And what is the rule for himself is equally the rule for his beasts of burden. The

houses in this section of country are more poorly built, and the natives appear less thriving, than is the case further north. Fairly high mountains rise often from the very brink of the steadily flowing river, and the cultivated area often ceases entirely.

So we glided onward, through the wide, winding sweeps of the Nile, until one evening when the sun had set, and all the heavens were reeking with gold and crimson, pearl and opal, Mme. Montefiore, who was looking out over the lit skies where a few first stars were beginning to shed their beams, exclaimed, "Oh! the comet!" We thought at first it was the long-looked-for "Halley's comet," though it was visible in a part of the sky where Halley's comet was not expected; but there, misty in the golden veil of sunset, with a long, curved tail reaching from the horizon nearly to the planet Venus, was the great comet which, unexpected and unheralded, suddenly swept into view in January, 1910, only to be visible for a few days, and then to pass away on his celestial voyage until future æons may behold his approach once more. Full of a sinister beauty was that giant of the unmeasured spaces of the universe as we gazed upon him that evening, in the midst of the wild wastes of Nubia; and the thrall and thrill of beholding that which man cannot gauge nor harness to his uses, in its mad rush athwart the star-decked heavens, must have entered every mind that watched that fiery

wanderer of the trackless abysses, threading his ceaseless way along the path of the ages.

There is only one other stop to be made before reaching Halfa, the terminus of the steamer's voyage, and that is at Abu Simbel. Near here, the river makes a great bend westward and then southward, and at this point tower several great mountains, rising from the western bank of the river; and as one approaches, out of the massed rocks and cliffs there evolve two remarkable temples, reared — or rather carved — by order of Rameses II out of the mountains themselves, every chamber, even to the innermost holy of holies, deep hidden in the rocky bosom of the towering cliffs. The faces of the mountains have in both cases been pared smooth, and on a slight slope, to resemble a pylon; and every column, figure and inscription is cut in the living rock. About a hundred yards of Nile deposit separates the temples from the present river bank, though when first excavated, the river in all likelihood flowed close by their bases. Near the edge of these cliffs, this bank of silt, while appearing firm on the surface, hides beneath it a treacherous, tenacious, sticky black mud, as I found to my cost. Wishing to obtain a photograph of the frontage of the principal temple, I selected a certain spot whence I thought that the best view could be had. For a few steps the surface amply supported me, but suddenly first one and then the

other foot broke through into the glutinous, shiny black mass beneath, and in a second I had sunk to above my knees in a veritable "quick-mud," instead of quick-sand. An immediate call for help to the natives who were engaged in the restorations now being carried on there by M. Barsanti, brought twenty willing hands to my rescue, though the relievers were compelled to lie on their stomachs and wriggle out to reach me. Then, laying hold first of one leg and then of the other, they succeeded in lifting both feet from the clinging mass beneath, after which I reposed gracefully on my back, and allowed myself to be slid over the treacherous surface until firm land was reached. There are two temples here at Abu Simbel, the larger being carved in honor of Rameses II, and the smaller one dedicated to his favorite wife, the fair Nefert-Ari. The former is watched over by four colossal seated figures of the Pharaoh, while the second is guarded by six standing figures, two representing the beautiful queen, and the other four her great consort. In front of the temple of Rameses, which we first visited, is a row of hawks, apes and standing figures placed on a wall a few feet from the face of the temple and terminating on the north in a shrine which M. Barsanti is now engaged in clearing of débris and repairing, while a short distance to the south is a single chamber cut in the rock, representing the "birth house," in which the wall

sculptures, which are in low relief, and the paintings, are still in good condition, though thirty centuries have passed by and left them almost intact. Within the first chamber stand a number of great colossi supporting the roof, each representing Rameses, and guarding the way to a second chamber, beyond which, in the shrine, are four seated figures of the gods with Rameses in their midst, all carved from the solid rock. In several of the side chambers opening out from the main hall, the walls were never finished; the designs remain still only partially painted and chiselled, and are often only marked out with black or red paint. This is likewise true of the temple of Nefert-Ari, a short walk northward: in this temple, the columns of the first chamber are simply squared, with Hathor-head capitals; and Nefert-Ari herself is carved on the inner side of the first column to the left, and again on the rear wall, near the doorway to the second chamber. A very charming face and pose has this dainty bit of ancient royalty, and it is unfortunate that her likenesses are so situated as to make photographing them almost an impossibility without a specially made camera. Both these temples face toward the east, and only for a short while, just after sunrise, does the light of day stream into their darkened interiors — Ra Harmachis has but scant time to offer his daily homage to the long dead Pharaoh and his lovely consort, in shedding

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his earliest and freshest celestial gold here where once the earthly and baser metal vied with his matin beams amid the offerings: now he alone is worshiper, with a ceaseless devotion that shall brighten the dark days until in the far, unknown future, these two temples of Abu Simbel, like their founder and his faith and his people, shall have moldered into the dust. After work was ended on the temples, at the coming of night, several of the men and basket-boys that were employed on the work gathered along the bank to inspect the steamer and her passengers, and to converse with our crew. Now there is a theory, accepted among civilized nations generally, that the savage or semi-civilized mind dreads the appearance of comets and other manifestations of a celestial nature, and attributes to them all kinds of malevolent influences; and it was to test the truth of that theory that I asked four or five of the basket-boys what they thought of the great comet, which, by this time, was well in view, hovering over the mountains within which the temples are carved,— sweeping his saber-like appendage from the direction of the vanished sun upward toward Venus. I knew the boys would be more apt to answer truly than the men, for the latter are always secretive and suspicious until they become well acquainted with one; the boys are less reticent. The oldest, a boy of perhaps thirteen or fourteen, replied,

"Why, we think it is a star." "Yes," I replied, "but why does it have that long leg? You never saw other stars with legs like that one has?" Quickly came the answer, "Why, we think it is like the moon; first he is small, then he becomes large; by and by he will get small again." On further inquiring when it had been first observed, they told me they had first seen it on the previous evening, which was the same time we had first noticed it on the steamer; so that probably that night was the one of its first actual appearance to the unaided eye. Whatever fear, if any, the untutored little Nubian had of the cometic visitor had certainly been dissipated; and his powers of observation and reflection were undoubtedly greater than might have been expected. We spent that night tied to the bank beneath the rocky faces of the sleepless guardians of the temples, and after we had seen the sunrise sweep resistlessly through the great, gloomy doorways, and flood with light the shadowed interiors, we unmoored and started on the final stage of our journey toward the second cataract — the town of Hälfa, two hours' steaming from Abu Simbel.

CHAPTER IV

THE first sight of Halfa — or "Wady Halfa," as it is more correctly called, was revealed to us in the shape of a tall minaret, slender and graceful, rising from a long row of lebbek trees on the left-hand side of the river, interspersed with several well-built houses, all glowing white in the early evening sunshine. Halfa lies just within the northern limit of the Sûdan, and marks the boundary between England's military *control* on the south, and her "*dominant occupancy*" to the north. For the Sûdan is a purely military possession, nominally held for Egypt, but in reality held for that far-off island whose representatives — a handful of officers and a few civilians in the "Public Works Department"— are the paramount authority, the whole country being absolutely under martial law. Yet no country over which England exercises the right of possession to-day, can boast of more competent officials, or men better fitted to fill the onerous and dangerous posts which they occupy, than can this vast, untraveled, almost unknown region known as the Sûdan. Perhaps, too, the Sûdan has done her part in shaping the characters and

rounding out the education of these representatives of the foreign invader whom Fate has called to rule over her destinies, in thus making of them the men they are. One perceives this at once on reaching Halfa; and every mile that lies between this Nubian frontier and the far Uganda, lying under the equator itself, shows the power and virility of men of whom England may justly be proud to call them her sons. And now one feels that the threshold of civilization has been passed — Nubia is only the great pylon placed before that temple of the centuries, where the dead and gone Pharaohs of Egypt's early days found races, languages, costumes and all the manifold characteristics that go to make up the life of nations, molded into just the same form which to-day, five thousand years later, stands still upon the banks of the Nile and its tributaries, as changeless as Egypt's Sphinx, and with an origin as unknown. There are two "hotels" at Halfa, which can best be described by an Irishism —"each one is somewhat worse than the other." Fortunate are those who are going directly on to Khartûm, or who are simply taking the round trip to the "Second Cataract," though the former are obliged to forego the magnificent sight of the cataract, because the train (— which runs twice a week only —) leaves about two hours after the steamer's arrival: the latter, however, may retain their

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rooms on board the boats, whether they have come by the ever-alert Thomas Cook and Son, or by the less-patronized Hamburg-Anglo-American Company. But my wife and I were in no hurry to reach Khartûm, and besides, we were desirous to see the second cataract; so selecting the least objectionable of the hotels — on the suggestion of an employé of the postoffice department, whose chief recommendation was that the one we finally selected had the best table —) we disembarked. The only other occupant of the "hotel" was a young Englishman who was head of the government transportation department: the manager certainly had the best intentions,— but the capabilities of his hotel were but slightly better than a native Khan, with gaping wounds in walls, ceilings and floors, drawers that stuck in their slides, and a mirror which reflected everything except what was directly in front of it,— certainly not as palatial as we had been accustomed to in Egypt. There was a garden attached to the hotel, full of tropic or semi-tropic foliage, which was really quite pretty, and was luckily available for meals, so that the discomforts were minimized much more than we had hoped for. Shortly after arriving, the dragoman of the steamer informed us that "there very nice dance in village to-day, not every day, I just hear him, he very fine, I get you good donkey, you go, my gentleman "— (or "my lady," as the sex of

the one addressed required). So, after much delay and dickering and choosing between a dozen very indifferent quadrupeds, our steamer's party sallied forth, three or four preferring to walk. The presence of a " Cook's tourist " party in addition certainly did not add to the pleasure of the entertainment.

Our way led partly through the bazaars of Halfa, which extend for some distance along the principal streets just eastward from the river shore and on a few connecting cross-streets: they are fully as large and extensive as those in Assuan, and contain a fair assortment of goods calculated to tempt the tourist — Sûdâni weapons, leather work, pottery, etc., with other shops for the sale of groceries, spices, meats, shoes, clothing and other articles for the use of the natives; and they are well sheltered from the heat of the sun by large lebbek trees planted everywhere. Beyond these bazaars we passed the " resident section " — all purely native; and then entered a strip of desert, over which our donkeys galloped at top speed for nearly a mile, raising a dust such as only an African donkey on his native soil can produce, with a glowing sun and cloudless skies overhead. Ultimately we reached a small mud village, a suburb of Halfa on the northeast, and threaded our way, led by our tireless dragoman, between high mud walls and down a crooked street so narrow that a foot pas-

senger was alone capable of passing a donkey,—two of the latter would undoubtedly have "stuck" had they attempted to pass one another in the narrow highway; a few minutes brought us to the village square, in which was a huddled band of expectant children mingled with eight or ten adults; while in their midst, to the accompaniment of three or four mournful drums, thumped by children, two jet-black female figures, reeking with grease and oil, and clothed in long robes formerly white, but now a dingy dust color, and with eyes closed, pirouetted and stamped, alternately extending upward and then withdrawing their long necks, after the fashion of a suddenly disturbed turkey — and *this* was all of the "very fine dance" we had come so far to see, and which "happened" to take place "to-day, not every day"— evidently arranged for us by our truthful dragoman, who collected from every member of the party certain bits of metal known as "piastres" for the dancers, and probably retaining a modicum thereof for himself as "backsheesh" for getting up the entertainment (?). A wiser, and luckily, only slightly poorer, party returned to Halfa without exhibiting any special enthusiasm concerning native dances, so far as Halfa was concerned.

My wife and I left our fellow-travelers to go on their way townward, however, and turned our faces eastward, across the desert, toward the

higher sand hills that block the view in that direction, and which lie about a mile back from the town. Climbing their slippery sides, passing many a trail of hyena and jackal, we shortly reached the summit of one of the higher hillocks, then turned toward the sunset — what a view! On all sides, expanse of sky and expanse of desert, each wrestling the prismatic rays of the scattered, falling sunbeams to enrich their respective beauties, while Halfa grew whiter and whiter under the mellowing glow: then streams and bands of scarlet and crimson — wounds of the dying day — opalescent tints creeping gently and almost imperceptibly around the wide horizon — then star after star piercing the gray depths of the deepening night, until the whole field of heaven bore heavily its glowing harvest of twinkling luminaries — and it is thus that passed not only this one, but most of the other days in this wondrous "forecourt" of the "Dark Continent." The second cataract lies a few miles south of Halfa, and must be visited by means of feluccas — small craft using oars chiefly, though they have a shred of sail that is occasionally used on long reaches of the river; owing to the rapids in the stream, large boats cannot approach much nearer than the town. We embarked early the next morning, therefore, in a small native boat that would convey us to our destination. For about two miles the river is wide and deep; and on the way

we passed the sites of two old temples, now in almost complete ruin, where an American expedition is conducting excavations with very remarkable success; and shortly thereafter we reached the cataract. Here the river is divided into a hundred different channelways, either by sandy islets or masses of rocks black as iron and polished as steel by the ceaseless action of the water; and around them swirl and rush numerous rapids and whirlpools, requiring great skill on the part of crews who navigate their frail crafts through this turmoil and wild rush downward to the sea. The objective point of the trip is Abusîr, a huge cliff almost perpendicular on the riverward face, and with a steep slope to landward, which must be climbed before one can really see the cataract. Our boat came ashore on the west bank just below this huge rock, and we landed on a small sandy beach, whence a somewhat difficult path led up to the summit. From there, the view to the south embraces the wide sweep of the upper half of the cataract, and afar the hills of Dongola outline themselves on the horizon, whence the Nile makes a great eastward sweep; northward one sees the lower half of the cataract and the course we have just traversed, bounded far away by the gorges of Korosko, with the mountains wherein the Abu Simbel temples nestle, looming up in the middle foreground: right and

left, far as the eye can see, rise and fall the sandy dunes and valleys of the desert, tawny and barren, terrible in their grandeur but alluring in their suggestiveness of the unknown buried within their silent depths. No signs of life, animal or vegetable, are visible — neither man, donkey, camel, hut or tree — only here and there a leafless, dry, dead bush or scrubby shrub on some of the larger islands — apparently a primeval world: until the dragoman points to a few black specks floating down the rapids, which assume form and shape while we gaze, rather incuriously at first, it must be confessed; until one perceives that they are the heads of men — (probably some of the feluccas crew) — who for the few piastres backsheesh they hope to gain by the feat, have attempted to swim the cataract, assisted only by the inflated skins of goats as life preservers, the unexpected collapse of which would certainly mean the extinction of the swimmer, for no one could otherwise descend this swiftly-flowing, rock-encrusted river.

After a lunch partaken of under a small tent which had been erected on the shore during our absence at the summit of Abusîr, we reëmbarked for Halfa, reaching there early in the afternoon.

Shortly after our return, while my wife and I were seated in the garden belonging to our hotel, one of the native police appeared, draped

in the regular uniform of kharkee, tarbush, sword and musket,— for the soldiers of the Sûdan form likewise its police force. He gave me a rigid military salute, and then respectfully stated that he heard that I could take pictures — would I take his, as he had never experienced the sensation of being photographed. After the usual courtesy of offering him cigarettes, I replied that it would be a tremendous pleasure, as I had heretofore had no opportunity of capturing any of the Sûdani military with my camera, and went to get that instrument. As soon as it appeared, he assumed a statuesque rigidity, and maintained it until I informed him that the operation was over, when with another military salute and a profusion of thanks, he retired in good order, first gravely telling me that a copy addressed to Ali Ibrahîm Gabâli would certainly reach him; I afterwards sent him his long-wished-for likeness and hope he received it. As a type of what England has done for the native, it should be remembered that perhaps only ten years ago, this man was in all likelihood an ignorant village native, clothed with the usual gallibiya, watching flocks somewhere far in the interior and unable to speak anything but Nubian; now he is a master of Arabic, alert, clean, disciplined, polite, and a credit to his own nation no less than to that whose flag now floats beside that of Islâm over all this land.

CHAPTER V

THE next afternoon we bade farewell to Halfa, and took the train for Khartûm, a journey of about thirty hours. We soon passed the barracks and store-rooms built for the troops composing the "relief expedition" commanded by Lord Kitchener, who here fitted out his army preparatory to its long march which culminated in the defeat of the Khalifa, the dispersion of his forces, and the recapture and enlargement of the Sûdan. After this last view of civilization, the train turns southeastwardly, directly across the Nubian desert; and until Abu Hamed is reached, early the next morning, the only traces of man's handiwork, beyond those two narrow bands of steel that wind along behind and before us toward the infinite horizon, are a few fences to protect the rails from the terrific sand drifts that often sweep over the desert, and the eight or ten sidings and water towers which the energy and foresight of Kitchener prepared at various points where water was obtainable by deep boring, and which are dignified by the name of "stations" — numbered, but not named as yet.

And this railroad between Khartûm and Halfa is a lasting monument to Kitchener's perseverance and inflexible energy: without it, the subjugation of the Mahdist forces and the rescue of the Sûdan would have been utter impossibilities,—with it, was taken the first great step that opened up central Africa to the world. At nightfall, after we had extinguished the electric light in our railway compartment, it was peaceful and restful in the extreme to be able to gaze out over the desert from the slow-gliding train,— overhead, the cool kisses of the stars breathing upon the hot, day-wearied expanse of sand, and on our left, the great yellow bulk of the moon bringing the far horizons into view almost as clearly as under the radiant beams of the master of the day. One regrets the necessity of sleep, lulled by such tropic scenes; and after having had a taste of the quality of berth furnished by the Sûdan Government Railway department, the regret becomes considerably deeper.

Daylight has its curious, as well as its beautiful phases, no less than the night-tide; for it is only under the glow of noon and one or two succeeding hours that one can see the wondrous mirages of the desert. For over an hour during the trip of the succeeding day, we were surprised by the variety and the rapidity of disappearance of these curious phantasmagoria. The whole air seems to move,

and wreathes itself like steam, and the horizon line ceases to exist: instead of a sky and an earth apparently joined together far away, an appearance as of great blue lakes intervenes, sometimes appearing as if only within a few hundred yards of one; and in an instant they change their position and are seemingly miles away. Often far-off peaks and mountain ranges showed their rugged forms far up in the sky, with their own reflections appearing in the false, watery-looking expanses beneath them, often resembling a native thatch house with pointed roof, the latter being the mountain while the former is merely the form assumed by its reflection; and occasionally a peak or an apparent clump of palm trees appear inverted — bases and roots in the sky, summits and foliage toward the earth. The first actual station and town which we reached was Abu Hamed, whence a branch line of railway has recently been built toward the southwest, where lie the ruins of the old Nubian cities of Napata and Merawi, with most interesting ruins: this line will ultimately be prolonged to Dongola and that region of country which is now only accessible by caravan. The station at Abu Hamed is blessed with large and commodious bathing establishments for both sexes; and after a night spent in crossing the dry sands of the desert, there were not many passengers on the train who did not avail themselves

of the opportunity there offered. Clad in bath robes, large shawls, and what-nots, males and females thronged along the platform to utilize the hour spent here in a luxurious bath followed by a "French breakfast" in the station buffet. It was at Abu Hamed that I first discovered that one of our fellow passengers was an acquaintance of former days in Egypt,— Sir William Garstin, formerly head of the irrigation department of the Egyptian government, and now on his way to Khartûm to make preparations for ex-President Roosevelt's trip from Uganda northward. Leaving Abu Hamed, the road passes into a more populated region than heretofore: the desert is left behind, though its grim fingerprints yet remain here and there; and shortly we reached Berber — quite a large city, well walled, and a flourishing center of trade in former times. One thing that particularly struck me as the train rambled through, was that in the native cemetery, which lies close by the track, large flat stones were placed horizontally over each grave, instead of the usual Moslem head-and-foot stones, or the small mound surrounded by a low stone coping; and the houses, so far as I could judge in the few moments we waited in Berber, were quite equal to the best native houses in Egypt: often they were large two- and three-story dwellings, with moldings

and dentil work patterns in brick. The natives also seemed bright and intelligent — Mahdism failed to crush their spirit, which cannot be said of so many of the tribes that came under its influence and domination.

Shortly after leaving Berber, our train reached Atbara station, which takes its name from the Atbara river, a quarter of a mile beyond. This river is the first tributary to the Nile along its entire course between this point and the far-off mouths in the Delta region, where it pours its turbid waters into the Mediterranean. At this season — winter — the Atbara is by no means an imposing looking stream; it flows quietly onward in a narrow, winding channel, peacefully bearing its fertile burden of mud from the far-away mountains of Abyssinia, where it has its source: but in the rainy season, when the warmth of the sun has freed the deep snows that circle its cradle, it sweeps onward in an irresistible flood, bearing in its tossing arms the wreckage and debris of dozens of houses and villages, carcasses of buffalo, lions and other animals, savage and domesticated, whose habitats are near its banks, and trunks of trees torn by its mad grasp from the Abyssinian forests.

But now as we go past, the banks are fringed with mimosa, the odor of which lies heavy on the quiet air; and camel-grass, clumps of thickets,

and small forest growths appear here and there along its shores. A military camp is permanently located at Atbara, not far from the river, — for this was one of Kitchener's strongholds during his advance against the Dervishes; and its advantageous position, at the junction of two great rivers, has caused it to be retained as an army post on account of strategic motives. Artillery and cavalry were stationed here as we passed through upon this occasion, and a section of the famous "camel corps" was attached thereto.

The part of the country which we traverse after leaving the Atbara is historically of great interest, being called by the old historians the "Island of Meroë,"— though in reality it is only a peninsula and in no sense an island. Here was located the center of the ancient Nubian — or rather Ethiopian — civilization and kingdom, after the capital had been moved from the older city of Napata, not far from Dongola, which event occurred about 600 B. C. On this "Island of Meroë" another great capital grew into being, called "Meroë"; and here are found several hundred pyramids and temples, dating from the time of Kashta and Taharqa to that of Candace, i.e., from 800 to 100 B. C. It would surprise one who is accustomed to speak and hear of the pyramids of Egypt as if they were the only ones

in Africa, to learn that by far the larger number are in this far-off land of the Sûdan: in shape, these of Meroë are more suggestive of the pyramid of Medûm than they are of the others remaining in Egypt,— the angles of their sides are more acute, and they sometimes have a terrace-like effect like Medûm; but having been built chiefly of mud brick instead of stone, many have utterly vanished, leaving only a tumulus of dark clay behind, in which, however, jewelry, statuary and funeral offerings are still frequently to be met with. The temples also are for the most part mere wrecked shells, and of greater interest archæologically than architecturally, or for the ordinary traveler: the inscriptions upon what yet remains of their walls are written in the old Ethiopian tongue, but using Egyptian hieroglyphic characters, and give frequently historic details of the times; though at present the Ethiopic written language is not so well understood as that of its northern neighbor, and its decipherment therefore more difficult. A few Roman remains are found in the vicinity, but they are of no great importance. And now one begins to have glimpses of a different civilization from that of either Egypt or Nubia; here and there one may see a round, thatch-roofed hut, and zaribas of thorn-bush — styles predominant

MARCHANDS FORT—KODOK, (FASHODA)

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far south, but quite rare in this region; while large herds of black goats and sheep, the latter with huge, flabby tails, and great droves of cattle humped at their shoulders like the zebus of India, are scattered over the plains. Grass, too, begins to show plentifully amid the mimosas, and the forests become denser. Our next stopping place was Shendi, whence starts one of the great caravan routes across the desert,—a thriving and populous town, though not so large as Berber: from this point, but on the western bank of the Nile, which the railroad here approaches closely, may be seen the low hills of Kerreri, where the Khalifa made his last great stand, as leader of a hitherto invincible army, against the lion of England and the Sûdani allies who had fled from the terrors of the Dervish rule: and shortly after leaving Shendi, the train runs between rows of well-built houses of mud brick, and into a great, modern and well-equipped railroad station — and we find ourselves in "North Khartûm," and our railway journey is ended. Before our feet flowed the "Blue Nile," placidly meandering onward from Abyssinia, on the other side of which great waterway, in the sunset glow, lay the roofs and trees that mark the site of the city that Gordon battled so nobly to save, and which Kitchener rebuilt after Mah-

dism had perished, and the weapons of civilization had overcome those of barbarism — the city of Khartûm.

The sun had set, though the glow of his setting yet nestled tenderly over the great town, already with dozens of lights beginning to gleam from lamp post and window, when we finally embarked on a small steamer which plies as a ferry between the two cities until the completion of the railroad bridge over the Blue Nile will enable trains to run directly into Khartûm. Along the entire river front of the city,— which is the capital and also the largest town of the Sûdan,— there runs a wide street, shaded by fine palm trees and lebbeks — (a variety of acacia —), and the city itself is laid out with many wide, straight avenues, some running at right angles to one another and others running diagonally, and converging on the Sirdar's palace; and many of the squares are bare of houses: the whole city is eminently adapted for defense in case of another uprising like that of the Mahdi, which would challenge the "unbeliever's" right to the country. But these details we could not see on the night of our arrival; for the little steamer that carried us across the Blue Nile stopped only for a moment at the palace to land Sir William Garstin,—(who was to be the guest of Sir Reginald Wingate-Pacha, the Sirdar, or gover-

nor, of the Sûdan, until ready to leave for Uganda —) and then steamed down the river, under the twinklings of thousands of stars and flaring electric lights on shore, until it moored at a high bank on the south side of the stream, up which we scrambled: native porters carried the luggage ashore, and we found ourselves in front of the hotel,— a long, two-story building with wide verandas to both stories running entirely around the structure. It is a well-kept and comfortable hotel, expensive, of course, in a region where everything is excessively high-priced, the chief drawback being the usual oriental habit of never doing anything that can by any possibility be postponed, which seems to pervade the whole management. But we had become accustomed to this long before. The garden surrounding the hotel is heavily planted with trees and shrubs of various kinds, and being continually watered, it is in a very flourishing condition. The next morning we started out early to see the town made famous by the stubborn, if fruitless, defense, carried on by the intrepid general, Charles Gordon. At several points along the roadway that borders the Blue Nile, from its point of junction with the "White" Nile eastward to the "Gordon Memorial College," one finds numerous saqqiyas — the water wheels turned by the humped cattle so numerous here; for the banks

at this season are fifteen or twenty feet high, and without artificial means of raising water, Khartûm would be an absolute desert, and untenantable save for its native population, to whom water seems to be somewhat a matter of indifference. Opposite our hotel, which was situated to the extreme northwest of the town, the Blue Nile is separated into two branches by Tuti island,— a long, low sand bank with a small native village at its northern end, where the land is slightly higher; and cranes, pelicans, buzzards, crows and kites enliven the banks everywhere.

The shores of the river are lined with many varieties of craft — huge, clumsy ghyassas, wide of beam and roughly built, with their masts stayed by a score of shrouds,— (for, since they are built without any keel, there is no place wherein to step a mast, so that it must depend for its position solely upon the quality and strength of the rope used in forming its multitudinous shrouds; and as this rope is of native manufacture, its staying qualities are usually not quite up to the usual nautical requirements;—) near by, one may see three or four "nuggars" from further south, or perhaps even from Abyssinia, broad beamed and low of bow, with a massive tiller astern rearing itself to the height of a man's head above the roughly laid deck; occasionally these latter have cabins built thereon, of either thatch, skins, or

grass, as a shelter for the crew from the rays of the sun during the sweltering days of high water, when the river traffic is at its height. One most remarkable craft that I saw crossing from Khartûm to Tuti island, was composed entirely of a bundle of bushes and some small logs tied together, propelled by a native seated astride, his legs in the water, calmly paddling his unmanageable-looking craft athwart the current, and really making fair headway. Very fortunately for him, no crocodiles are found thus far down the river, otherwise his attempt to cross would have been extremely hazardous. Even the roughly-made river craft found in Nubia seem more carefully constructed than these clumsy Sûdâni boats; but nevertheless, these latter are excellent craft for the service required of them.

A number of small naphtha boats glide about here and there, chiefly pleasure craft belonging to the officials of the government; and there are a number of small steamers moored at different points along the shore, chiefly at North Khartûm across the Blue Nile, where the wharfs and repair shops are located. These steamers all have rooms opening directly on the decks, with one large paddle-wheel astern; and many of them have "mosquito houses" of wire netting on their upper decks, to protect their passengers from those pests of Africa during the season when they

are most prevalent, which is said to last usually about twelve months in every year, though our own experience certainly disproved that statement. These steamers all belong to the government, and ply to various points along the Niles and their tributaries at varying intervals; thus bringing all sections of the country into communication with the Capital.

CHAPTER VI

BUT to anyone who visits Khartûm in other than an official capacity, the objects of greatest interest therein are those connected with the days of "Chinese" Gordon — poet, dreamer, explorer, statesman, fanatic, general, hero — who loved the Sûdan as though it were his native soil, and gave his life in order that she might remain under the flag which he felt so sure would accomplish her destinies in the best way — an assurance which Time has amply justified, though Gordon himself did not live to see the accomplishment of his dream. Gordon had his weaknesses, made his errors — but one forgets all that when standing before the bronze statue erected to his memory in the main avenue of the town, and in front of the palace where he yielded up his breath beneath the spears and bullets of the Dervish legions. He has reined in his camel, and, with his staff in his right hand, Gordon gazes toward the south — not northward, where lay the help he needed so, and could have utilized most advantageously — but toward the great desert and the unknown stretches beyond, where

lay the besieging forces of unnumbered thousands waiting for the moment when "Allah and the Prophet" should drown the death cries of the faithful handful of devoted men within the beleaguered walls. A strong, determined face it appears, as one gazes silently upon it, while his memorable career passes through the memory — a face touched with pathos and sadness, but not with hopelessness; — the trust and resignation of Gordon's character is well depicted on the bronze effigy that shall keep his memory fresh while Khartûm remains: and well may England exult that of her race sprang one who could so truthfully say, "*homo sum*"—I am a *man!*

The palace occupied by Gordon at the time of his death was destroyed in the wild rush of the invading hosts after his fall, when the city was given over to pillage and slaughter by the Dervish forces, and afterwards burned; but upon its site has been erected a new palace, now occupied by the Sirdar and Governor-General of the province, Sir Reginald Wingate-Pacha; and the stairway at the top of which Gordon stood unflinchingly, meeting the flash of a hundred hostile spears when he received his death wound, is still standing. Surrounding the palace are large gardens tastefully laid out in trees and flowers; and one of the native gardeners pointed out to us the rose bush brought from England by Gordon, and

planted with his own hands; whence he plucked one of the buds and gracefully presented it to my wife — the sole relic of the great leader that can now be found in Khartûm. One morning I was invited by one of the professors of the Gordon Memorial College to inspect that institution, which is intended for the education of native Sûdâni youths in industrial and political arts and sciences, with the ultimate object of fitting them for positions in the civil service of their country. The college is built at the eastern end of the long avenue running beside the water front, and originated in the brain of Kitchener: those who have already graduated from the institution are rising and trusted citizens, and many of them occupy excellent positions in the various departments of the government. In addition to the usual curriculum of such institutions, there are classes in drawing, architecture, chemistry, metallurgy, carpentring, etc., and the college contains also a museum in which are exhibited not only all articles at present manufactured in the Sûdan, but ancient weapons, clothing, utensils and other properties of the savage races of the south and the interior; while a new department has recently been installed containing all, or at least a large part, of the antiquities unearthed at Napata, Meroë and elsewhere within the geographical limits of the country. As this college

is a memorial of Gordon, it seems a pity that all the relics of the great general that are obtainable, have not been collected together and exhibited here; for those in Omdurman, across the White Nile, are kept most carelessly, and are being rapidly destroyed. Their true place is within the walls of the Memorial College, and it is to be hoped that they will soon be transported thither.

Not far from the college, on the eastward side of the great square in the center of Khartûm, the government has lately erected a fine mosque, the largest in the Sûdan: and this catering to the religious element of the Mohammedan population, taken in connection with the Gordon College — (where no religious beliefs or tendencies are permitted to act as a bar to anyone who desires to enter the institution —) has had a most salutary effect upon the natives, and causes them to look with kindlier eyes than otherwise upon the "infidel." Khartûm can also boast of a zoölogical garden, which is at the west end of the town, adjoining the hotel where we stayed. Here are being collected the finest specimens obtainable of the fauna of the country — one finds giraffes and wart hogs from the far south, lions and lionesses of large size from the interior and the Abyssinian frontier, leopards from the Darfûr hills, and monkeys and birds innumerable, including the rare "shoe-bill" and "horn-bill," whose names

alone sufficiently proclaim their leading physical characteristics. One of the rarest birds of the Sûdan,— the "Balæniceps Rex,"— is an occupant of the palace gardens at present — a large bird with a bill nearly equaling his entire body in its size and massiveness: he, too, will soon be placed in the "zoo" along with his curious-looking fellows. One of the crack brigades of the army of the Sûdan is the so-called "camel-corps" — a body of native Sûdâni mounted on the finest camels obtainable, and trained for speed and warfare; for desert service they far exceed horses. Their main body was absent from Khartûm at the time we were there, though I saw several members of the troop: in their neat white and red uniforms, and mounted on their swift steeds, they present a splendid appearance; and the desert "mail-riders," who are used to carry the mails along the caravan routes to far-distant outlying points, are well worthy to be compared with the camel-corps in the gorgeous outfits in which they are accoutered.

But a walk around Khartûm does not produce the impression that it is a very prosperous, thriving place; other towns in the Sûdan show much more activity, apparently: still, one must remember that Khartûm is yet young, only dating from the entry of Kitchener and his allied forces into a burned and destroyed capital, about a decade

ago. One day my wife and I went out southward, beyond the parade ground and hospital,— she in a shaky little "sand cart" drawn by a diminutive donkey, and driven by a native "arbagy," and I on foot,— to visit the "native village," built in that section by Kitchener's orders, with a full mile of open desert between it and the city — a good defensive measure, as are all those which this remarkable English general has planned. Here one finds wide streets, all running at right angles, unpaved, of course, with occasional wells at the intersections of the main thoroughfares, with houses occupied by the representatives of most of the tribes and races found in the Sûdan — Faonwi, Gebelâwi, Dinkas, Shilluks, Danagla and others. Here they live in their respective tribal fashions, each in their own particular quarter, and frequently in houses built after their own national styles; so that one may see here specimens of native architecture of every sort and kind. As the distance of the town from the Nile is several miles, the digging of the wells at the intersections of the various streets furnishes the population wth an abundance of easily obtained and very good drinking water. The "arbagy" showed us with pride his house and children; and also conducted us to the one "hotel" of the place — of course, purely a native khan,— of mud brick, containing perhaps

four or five rooms, and apparently tenanted at that moment exclusively by females, who at once demanded "backshîsh." There are several large shops in Khartûm kept by Europeans, chiefly built around and near the great public square: the Mohammedan population has numerous shops also, near the new mosque; but bazaars such as one finds in some of the Egyptian towns, and in one or two of the villages further south, do not exist. Sidewalks and streets are equally ankle-deep in sand, and the heat is tremendous, while the wind rushes ceaselessly from the north, usually at a speed of twenty to thirty miles an hour. Thanks to Mr. Cross, of the Public Works Department, I had a very enjoyable time during my stay in the Sûdâni capital, one of his proposals — most acceptable on a hot day — being a day's excursion up the Blue Nile on the launch which belongs to the department. But after seeing Gordon's city, renewed, restored, and altered, however, and not in any respect resembling the Khartûm of his day, our thoughts naturally turned toward the Mahdi's capital — Omdurman: a century ago the collection of mud huts bearing that name was merely a haunt of land robbers and river pirates; but the Mahdi chose it for his chief city, and made it famous. Under him and his general and successor, the Khalifa, it grew to large proportions, for all the

tribes who acknowledged his authority crowded together into the capital to be near their great leader; and the result was a heterogeneous mass of buildings of every sort and description — brick, mud, skins, wattles, tents, all crowded together without order or symmetry for several miles along the river frontage opposite Khartûm. Since its capture by the English, Omdurman has been greatly improved, though the southern section of the town is in nearly the same condition to-day as it was a decade ago under the rule of the Khalifa.

To see the town thoroughly would take several days; but as the early afternoons are excessively hot, it is usual to take a tram car from Khartûm soon after breakfast, and go along the peninsula jutting out to the westward between the two Niles, then change to the steam ferry running to Omdurman, and return in time for "tiffin."

So early one morning we started on the trip, which takes about an hour from the time one leaves the public square in Khartûm until one arrives at the market-place in Omdurman. The ferry steamer across the river is of the ordinary paddle-wheel type familiar to American eyes, and quite unlike those which ply up both the Blue and White Niles. "Blue" and "White," as applied to these two streams, which from this point form the single great river known as the "Nile," are

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absolute misnomers: the former is a dark, inky-gray stream without a tinge of blue, while the latter is a turbid yellowish shade of brown, from the excess of mud which it brings down from the far equatorial regions. The junction-line of the two rivers is clearly noticeable in crossing; the two colors run side by side, hardly mingling at all until far below Omdurman, where the White Nile asserts its supremacy, and the "Blue" becomes lost in its brother's muddy whirlpools. As we approached the landing-stage, the entire water-front of Omdurman appeared, lined with scores of ghyassas and nuggars, loading and unloading their various cargoes, while the shore itself presented a scene of busy activity. The houses here are built two or three hundred feet back from the water level; and this entire space is thickly covered with tents and woven mats spread out upon the earth, within or upon which are placed huge piles of grain, gums, spices, skins, dyewoods and other articles of trade, brought by caravan from the regions many days' journey into the interior, and shipped hence to all parts of the globe. The bank swarms with native porters—"himmâlî"—(most of them clothed very scantily,—) merchants, natives of all countries—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Indians, Italians, dwellers of the Archipelago of Hellas, English—all coming and going, weighing and

bargaining; — while on the landing stage itself, waiting for the returning ferry to take them across to Khartûm, another motley throng is gathered. Here are three or four white-gowned, white-turbaned natives of the better class, with their outfit tied in bags or small mats; there stands a woman, skirted from her waist down, but elsewhere bare of sartorial adornment, with a huge basket containing fruit balanced deftly on her head, and carrying a coal-oil tin bearing the trademark of the Standard Oil Company, while tied to her back in a small knotted shawl, is a diminutive baby, only its bald little head and doubled-up black fists visible, encircled by a colony of flies, through whose buzzing and biting it sleeps on unconcernedly; yonder are two or three harîm women heavily veiled in long black yashmaks, or face veils; while near by, a group of natives in white, wearing red tarbûshes — (which are only worn by those of high rank —) are conversing energetically. One or two donkeys and a fine horse, probably the property of some pacha or sheikh, and led by a gorgeously appareled *sais*, made up the picture as we drew near. A short walk from the landing-stage brought us to the station of the tramway that runs hence to the new market square, in the center of Omdurman; the route, shortly after starting, passes through the old, original market place, an open space of

several dozen acres in extent, thickly crowded with booths and huts of all varieties and descriptions, scattered here and there without any regard whatever to order or position; and spears, shields, pottery jars, goulas, gourd vessels, agricultural tools of most primitive character and workmanship, and all the various " impedimenta " that encumber the beach, are mingled with goats, sheep, vegetables, fruits, and textiles, in inextricable confusion.

But the tram continues onward; and its first regular stop is at the great wall surrounding the space formerly occupied by the mosque — the center of Mahdism, where took place many of the most important events connected with the rule of the Mahdi and his villainous successor, the Khalifa. An actual mosque, dedicated to Allah and his prophet Mahommed, never existed here, and only the walls of mud brick that surround the spot where it should have been erected are yet standing, pierced with two gates, the one on the west and the other to the south; and within this enclosure, close by the east wall, is the wrecked and shattered tomb of the great leader himself. The reason no regular mosque was ever erected here is due to the fact that after the Mahdi's death, his successor declared that the spot where he was buried should alone be the spot of worship for all true believers, and forbade the

worship of the Kaaba and Mecca to his followers, substituting in their place the humble tomb of his predecessor. The dome which formerly surmounted the Mahdi's grave was battered down by Kitchener's cannon when he captured the city, and the walls and doors have been badly breached from the same cause: but the four walls of the sacred edifice, with their three archways on each of the four sides, still remain. The only doorway through which entrance was obtained to the actual tomb-chamber, is at the southeast angle, and over it is a square tablet, without any inscription: the remaining eleven archways were merely walled-up windows, and only built for regularity of ornamentation.

Within the tomb there is now merely a mass of wreckage and broken stonework from the battered dome; for Kitchener, fearing lest the spot should become a center of pilgrimage in later years, and therefore bring about another decade of carnage and devastation, ordered the body to be removed and burned, and the ashes to be scattered upon the Nile. On the south side of the wall, the only gateway opens toward the house of the Khalifa, just a few steps away from the tomb of his great and more merciful leader. We passed through several courts and rooms before reaching the apartments of the Khalifa himself; and then found ourselves in his "office" or

"diwân," or whatever else one may choose to call the apartment where his cruel brain planned most of his barbarities. This "office" is a high-ceiled room containing several windows and doors, the latter being of rare, inlaid woods; and at present it is occupied by an English official, whose books and papers look strangely out of place in this abode of fanaticism. On the left, a door opens into the "bathroom," where the stone tub is let in flush with the floor, while the fixtures and attachments appertaining thereto were brought from Gordon's palace after the latter's death. The south front of the house consists of a portico supported by two wooden columns, with a small oven on one side, and on the other, a flight of stairs leading to the second story of the house, this being the only two-storied house in all Omdurman; as it is related that the Khalifa not only wished to have the *best* house in the town, but built an additional story in order that he might spy out over the entire city. This second story, however, consists entirely of one large room at the western end of the house. The courtyard in front is tenanted by a fat, lazy baboon, and the care-takers now employed by the Englishman who occupies the house, informed me with great pride that they belonged to the "familia"—i.e., slaves—of the Khalifa; and seem to be somewhat conceited in that they were

formerly the property of such a distinguished individual. From the roof, one has a fine view in all directions over the city; and one can see, a short distance to the northeast, the house occupied by the Mahdi himself; and beyond it, the site of the old prison, where thousands of his followers, no less than his enemies, were summarily put to death as a result of the Khalifa's unfounded suspicions of their loyalty. That this successor of the Mahdi was a homicidal maniac is a certainty, for no savage of the most brutal type of race would have been guilty of the cruel outrages which he daily perpetrated, unless he were mentally unbalanced; yet in his death, the Khalifa proved that however much he may have been influenced by the utmost brutality, he was at least a brave man to the end. Just west from the Khalifa's residence is the house built under his orders by Sir Rudolf Slatin-Pacha, where for many years he resided practically as a prisoner. Slatin-Pacha was governor of Darfûr when the Mahdi first began preaching his doctrines; and after a brave defense of his territory, he was at last captured by the Dervish forces and brought to Omdurman; ultimately he escaped thence, and reached Egyptian territory, and he now occupies a high position in the government. It was my good fortune to meet the Pacha during my stay in Khartûm, thanks to a mutual friend, Col.

Charles Chaille-Long-Bey, of Maryland, who was formerly chief of staff to General Gordon; and if anyone has a right to speak authoritatively concerning the decade that passed while the Sûdan lay prone beneath the power of Mahdism, it is Slatin-Pacha. A few minutes' walk through heavy dust that came up to one's shoe-tops and filled the nostrils, ears and eyes, and we reached the "Bêt el Amâna"—the former treasure house, where tithes, taxes, loot, slaves and prisoners, most of the latter awaiting execution, were in the old days mingled together confusedly. On entering through the great arched doorway in the surrounding wall, one finds a wide court, the center of which is occupied by a large open building surrounded by a portico, all of the roughest, crudest style of workmanship. Just to the right, in the courtyard, are several cannon of the time of Mohammed Aly, bearing his name upon the breech in Arabic characters; these were spoils of war and were used by the Mahdi, as were the heaped-up masses of swords, pistols, guns, spears and other weapons lying piled up here and there under the portico; some of them were captured when the army of Hicks-Pacha was ambushed and annihilated by the Mahdists, while others formed a part of the accoutrements of the Dervishes themselves. A little further on are three very dilapidated vehicles, one of which belonged to, and is

said to have been used by, Gordon himself, while the other two were state carriages of the Khalifa, though it is more than likely that their condition then must have been so miserable that they were fit only for the junk heap. But to eyes used only to the donkey as a mode of conveyance, or his less artistic fellow, the camel, they may have appeared as most luxurious means of transportation. A few steps further on, the young soldier who was convoying our party pointed out the hand presses used by the Khalifa in stamping the debased coinage which was used in the Sûdan during the period of his rule; and I was fortunate enough to secure two or three silver and copper coins bearing the legend, "darab fy Amdurman" — i. e., "struck in Omdurman." These, however, may possibly be restrikes from the old dies; for the natives of all countries have few compunctions regarding "taking in the stranger" in every possible way. Civilization may do much, but so far she has been unable to eradicate that international characteristic.

We continued our tour around the central building; and there, close by the gateway where we had entered, stands a battered, ruined piano, exposed to sun, air, heat and dust, its strings rusty and many of them missing, the ivory peeling from the silent keys and dropping to the bare earth beneath, gradually becoming more and more

fragile — the piano of Gordon! With what reverence and care ought it to be transported to, and safely housed in, his Memorial College, instead of being left to ruin and decay in this battered barrack that is but little better than a stable! Perhaps, after it has entirely fallen apart, and is irrevocably damaged, Englishmen may endeavor to piece together its fragmentary remains and give them a worthier environment; but just at present the task that Gordon set himself to accomplish is occupying all their attention and thought, and they seem scarcely to have time to even think of the few personal reminders left of the great path-seeker and soldier, without whom the Sûdan of to-day would not be existent.

We strolled up the wide, crooked, dusty old thoroughfare, with its numerous wells dug at various points — another of Kitchener's wise precautions — to the old place of execution, now the site of the new market, surrounded by fine, well-built structures, and no more bearing a trace of the horrors it has witnessed than does the "Place de la Concorde" in Paris. The bazaars lie west and north from this market square, and in them one may purchase almost everything that the Sûdan produces, from the little, home-made sheath-knife, in its leather case, which every man carries on his left arm just above the elbow, and uses for every purpose under the sun, up to the skins of

lions and leopards, and the tusks of elephants. Here, too, are wells dug in the narrow lanes; like those in the principal thoroughfare, they are flush with the surface of the ground, and edged by small logs of wood which are scored and seamed by the hundreds of ropes used in lowering buckets or jars down to the fresh water below — better than any water supply that Omdurman has possessed at any previous time, and especially during the Mahdist days, when its only source of cooking, washing or drinking fluid was either the Nile, a mile away, or puddles here and there, filled with surface drainage and every sort of impurity. One may wander for days around Omdurman, finding hourly something interesting and novel; but after nightfall, Omdurman is not the safest place, even yêt, for the "infidel" — (though Father Ohrwalder, one of the Khalifa's prisoners, an Austrian by birth, whose book — "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdis Camp" — gives a graphic account of the conditions then existing — still resides and labors amid the scenes of his captivity —); and we retraced our steps to the tram and were once more wafted by the ferry across to the more peaceful Khartûm.

CHAPTER VII

THE next day was fixed for our departure southward to Uganda — a route which has been taken by few save government officials bound for their various posts along the "White Nile," and which has been seldom visited or described, except in a very superficial manner by Baker, Stanley, Du Chaillu, Long-Bey and a few other explorers. Soon after luncheon at the hotel, a warning whistle summoned us without, and we went forth to find the steamer, which was to bear us on our long voyage southward, tied at the bank in front of the hotel. She was named "Gedîd" — i. e., "New," in Arabic, but appeared somewhat old in spite of her name — (we discovered later that abuse had more to do with her appearance than time —) and we found, after getting aboard, that ants, cockroaches and other creatures of like questionable character had taken possession of her without the previous trouble of securing tickets, and were fully as much at home as the crew — even more at home on the upper decks.

Twice in the year does the Sûdan government — (to which all the steamers plying up the Nile

belong) — furnish a steward and provisions on their boats for the benefit of travelers; on the other ten sailings — for there is only one boat each month — every one is obliged to take his own cook, and lay in his own supply of food, which must last until their destination is reached, as nothing in that line can be obtained on board, not even wholesome drinking water; and if, as happens occasionally in the upper regions of the Nile or Bahr el Ghazal, the sudd should block the channels, before and behind, the results are somewhat distressing: one official told me that he was caught in this manner in the Bahr el Ghazal for over two weeks on a recent occasion, and that the entire party were reduced to two or three crackers per day, with river-water ad libitum — which certainly cannot be conceded as being an especially wholesome dietary. Yet, judging from the samples of culinary art with which we were favored, and the quality as well as paucity of the provisions prepared for this trip of the Gedîd, coupled with the incompetency of the steward — (who told me it was his first experiment in that line of work, and that he had only taken the place twenty-four hours before sailing, because he needed the money —) one might fare infinitely better if one should provision oneself, and not trust in blind faith to the government's idea of what might be necessary and sufficient for such a

voyage. On the port side of the Gedîd was fastened a large, two-decked barge, to which access was obtained by gangways from both the upper and lower decks, and which was loaded below with fuel, goats and sheep, paraphernalia of all kinds, and several natives making a homeward journey up the river; while the upper deck was roofed with tin (which later on raised the temperature beneath it to over 100 degrees); and about one-third of its surface was occupied by a "mosquito house" — a large frame structure whose sides were composed of heavy wire netting as a protection against that pest of Central Africa; the barge was lighted with electricity manufactured on board the Gedîd; and this barge was the principal resort for our fellow-passengers. The engines of the steamer were placed far aft, and the lower deck was quite open, and she was propelled by one large paddle-wheel astern, like the steamers of the Mississippi river and its tributaries, though much smaller; and the entire deck, except the part occupied by the galley and rooms for the steward and engineer, was piled high with wood. As no coal has as yet been found in the Sûdan, and to transport from abroad enough for use in their boats would entail too great an expense upon the government, the forests of the interior have been drawn upon for fuel supply; and hardly a day passes during the voyages of most of these steam-

ers, save in the sudd, that they do not tie up for a few hours at the various wood stations, to replenish their stock of firewood. A most fortunate discovery that has just been made is that the reeds and masses of vegetable matter forming the sudd, can, after special treatment, be compressed into briquettes, and form a most excellent fuel; and as the sudd is almost inexhaustible, and a great source of annoyance, this new discovery is of incalculable value. The steward of the Gedîd was a young Greek, born in Alexandria, who had passed his life in wandering through nearly the whole of Africa; the cook was a red-headed, good-natured Milesian, while the engineer, an Austrian, had served in the same capacity on one of Kitchener's gunboats, and had participated in the bombardment of Omdurman and the recapture of Khartûm, and had many interesting anecdotes to tell of the wild days of the Dervishes and of the downfall of Mahdism. The main deck of the Gedîd had a comfortable dining room forward at the extreme bows, with a large sliding door in front, opening to the vistas before us; then an open deck space, behind which came the cabins, opening on the deck,— comfortable and well arranged,— while to the rear, near the wheel, were toilet and bath-rooms. The "promenade deck," reached by a stairway near the dining room, had an open pilot house forward and

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a "mosquito house" aft, the rest of the deck being clear. There were no signs of life-preservers anywhere, and the only boat was a flat-bottomed little felucca, that was either towed astern or (usually) hoisted into the barge and packed around with fuel. There were only seven passengers making the round trip to Gondokoro and return, but five or six others were either making the trip to Gondokoro and then leaving the steamer, some for a trip further south by land, or were bound to various intermediate points; and we were joined by two or three others en route. Of the party making the round trip, one, an Italian marchese, whose wife accompanied him, was an enthusiastic and expert entomologist, his special forte being butterflies; and during the journey he secured many beautiful specimens of lepidoptera, three of which had previously been undescribed, and perhaps were even unknown. An American lady accompanied by a young girl, a rotund German baroness, and my wife and I, completed the "round-trippers"; the other passengers bound only to Uganda, were a young American reporter, who was going to join ex-President Roosevelt, a young English girl, Miss Buxton, who was bravely undertaking a hunting trip to Mombasa, alone and unattended, save by native bearers who were awaiting her arrival at Gondokoro, and Captain Fox, of the English army, who was returning to his head-

quarters at Mongalla, the southernmost post in the Sûdan, and quite close to the Uganda border. At 3 p. m. the last bit of luggage was aboard, farewells were waved to those on shore, and we started on the twelve-hundred-mile voyage that would bring us almost under the equator ere we reached our destination. Our course lay down the Blue Nile until we reached its junction with the White Nile,— then a wide detour to the south, and we were heading truly on our course. The river here is quite wide, the banks low and flat, well suited for grazing and with many signs of cultivation here and there, especially on the eastern bank, where the trees and houses of Khartûm glowed in the splendor of the declining sun. The surface of the White Nile was covered with flocks of ducks of various species, geese, and occasionally storks appeared along the shores. Here, in these warm southern climates, they come even from far-off Europe to pass the winter months; and their migrations in the early spring are well worth seeing — from all directions huge flocks appear coming toward some central meeting place; whence, after resting a day or two, they proceed in one great body numbering hundreds of thousands toward the beckoning north. A few pelicans appeared also, with their clumsy, heavy bills resting on their white breasts or nibbling at some part of their bodies, and awaiting the advent of some

luckless fish. These Nile fish may be palatable to the pelican, and seem to be so to the natives; but to a white man, especially to one who comes from a true "fish region," they are very insipid and tasteless, besides being watery and somewhat coarse of texture. After many miles of cultivation, through a somewhat monotonous country, we reach the section inhabited by the Agaalîn; the banks become rather higher here, and are quite sandy, and there is but little attempt made, apparently, to till the soil. Houses become few and far between, and the country begins to assume a deserted wildness of appearance that shows for the first time how far we have left civilization behind us — further on, barbarism and savagery hold sway, as they have done for centuries. Yet, this bare, deserted region only a few years ago possessed a thriving population, which was swept away and annihilated by the Dervish hordes when the Mahdi's followers overran the country; now instead of tilled fields and the simple peasant dwellings, only a scrub growth shows itself here and there upon the sands which roll gently to the far horizon, bounded on the west by a dim mountain chain, beyond which lies the former capital of the country — for this part of what is now called the Sûdan was, until the Mahdi's time, the independent country of Kordofan; now, though practically free, the ruler is obliged to furnish an an-

nual tribute to the government of the Sûdan, in return for which he receives the benefit of military protection, mails, and the assured safety of the caravan routes through his dominions. Late at night, we tied up to the bank, that the "Reis" (captain) and crew might rest; but long before the sun had scattered the gems of night from the gray matrix of the sky, we were once more churning our way southward, through the same desolated country where Nature has reasserted her prerogatives. Once in a while, however, a Mandara mud village was seen, always located near the river; the Hassaniya, who occupy the same territory have somewhat better looking dwellings; both tribes are but scantily represented. They are primarily herdsmen, and no traces of cultivation of the soil are noticeable. Should one be fortunate, he may find the white ibis, which for the first time now begins to be plentiful; we saw one flock that must have numbered over a hundred. With the downfall of the religion of Tehuti, to whom this bird was sacred, the white ibis practically deserted Egypt, and fled southward; now it is but seldom seen in any great numbers north of the Sûdan.

As we steamed along the ancient sacred river, far ahead appeared a few scattered, solitary peaks, misty and dim in the warm, hazy light, and rising abruptly from the plains — Gebel Arashkol, one of the volcanic groups of mountains that oc-

casionally obtrude above the general level in this part of Africa; and as we approached, we noticed a few of the grass-domed huts of the Nefiidia — genuine tropical structures, low and roughly made. Here the shores again become lower, and in the fields one sees vast droves of goats, sheep and cattle, often waiting at the river-side, and guarded by naked or semi-naked herders, until the arrival of one of the wide, flat-bottomed ferry-boats which transport them from one side of the river to the other. The sheep usually have very heavy, long tails, which frequently drag upon the ground, like those of the Caucasus, and the cattle are of the usual humped variety like the Indian Zebu, very different in appearance from the "Cape buffalo," or "water buffalo," which is the sole bovine representative in Egypt and Nubia.

The shadows were growing long toward the east when there appeared in front of us a large town, or rather a city, on the west bank; and shortly before sunset, the Gedîd moored alongside the bank at El Duêm — the largest town in the Sûdan after Omdurman; from its portals the caravan routes start for Kordofan and Darfûr. There is no wharf anywhere in the neighborhood — (or, in fact, along the entire course of the river —), though there was an abundance of shipping, including two other steamers beside our own; but the majority consisted chiefly of sailing craft; the

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bank is used equally by all as a mooring place, and the gang-planks are run ashore as soon as the vessels are moored, which is by means of a hawser attached to a large wooden peg driven into the ground by the crew at any available spot, and which is amply strong enough to prevent the boat from drifting away.

A large crowd gathered to greet the arrival of the Gedîd — perhaps a suspicion of "backsheesh" is in the air; but, though a large town, the services of a guide may easily be dispensed with, more particularly as it is laid out with great regularity, and the streets are wide and straight. The entire party on the Gedîd, of course, hurried ashore, some to buy curios, some to inspect the bazaars, and some to see the town itself. The western end is given up to a large enclosure for animals — camels, donkeys, etc.,— which are left in this primitive "livery stable" while their owners are transacting business in the town, and where they may be more easily found by the owner on his return than if left to run at large. The residents of El Duem are, of course, chiefly natives, though a few Italians and Greeks have shops here, and the whole population seems prosperous and well clothed, which is not always the case elsewhere. A few horses may also be seen, though camels and the ever-ready donkey are the animals chiefly used, both for riding and for

transportation of goods. The clothing of the children is much more abbreviated than is that of their elders, the girls being usually attired in a girdle of leather from which hang numerous thin leather strings ten or twelve inches long, often plain, but sometimes ornamented with beads: the boys dispense even with this superfluous garment. The streets have occasional wells dug at their intersections, as at Omdurman; and the familiar kerosene oil can serves usually as a bucket; all the water-carriers likewise use this memento of the Standard Oil Company suspended from a pole which is carried across the shoulders, from which they dispense water to the thirsty — for a pecuniary consideration. It is a cleaner receptacle, undoubtedly, than the unclean calf-skin bags used in Egypt for the same purpose. Mud huts, usually square, are the rule, frequently with large courtyards adjoining them, which are separated from the streets by high walls of mud brick; and the shops and bazaars are usually entirely open at the front, which is protected partially from the sun by a rough awning of branches of bushes, or mats. Some of the narrower streets in the bazaars have these awnings stretched entirely across from house to house — an excellent arrangement for proprietor as well as prospective purchaser. The wares are spread on mats, and one finds here vegetables of all kinds, dye woods, spices, gums,

perfumes, herbs, etc. Leather work, especially shoes and saddles, seems to be one of the most popular occupations in the town, and one may find these two articles in all stages of manufacture everywhere; and shops for the sale of the usual sheath-knife, which every man carries bound by a thong to the left arm above the elbow, are numerous. We had strolled out to the north end of the thoroughfare, which forms the main street through the center of the town, and were returning slowly, watching the lights that came and vanished in the skies in the wake of the sunken sun,—faithful followers of that great fiery globe that had just passed below the horizon,— when we came upon a crowd of natives, men and boys, trooping from their shops and dwellings, and assembling in a long line two or three deep, facing the east; then at a given signal for the "moghreb," or evening prayer, every one in automatic unison commenced to perform the prescribed prostrations and genuflexions, repeating the accompanying prayers under the leadership of a venerable, white-bearded patriarch. The solemnity and earnestness that they displayed were most impressive, and instinctively we paused and stood reverently on one side until they finished; for we realized that in a dozen different places in this very city, as in ten thousand places elsewhere, at one and the same time thousands of hands were lifted

to Allah and thousands of faces turned toward the resting place of his prophet, and had done so for generations. Blind, lame, able-bodied, the wealthy merchant and the poor water-carrier, were shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee in their devotions, which are expected to be performed five times a day by the faithful. That scene in the open street is a good commentary upon the actions of some professors of that other religion which, side by side and often hand in hand with Mohammedanism, rules in the Sûdan to-day.

When the prayers were ended, we returned to the steamer; the opalescent tints of evening were fading, and a soft glow of tropic moonlight — for it was full moon — mingled with the tenderer light of the great southern hosts of stars, and began to creep over the town, lit here and there by small glowing faggots where the evening meal was being prepared; until at last sleep seemed to steal across the plains and river, and quiet and peace asserted their æon-old authority — a restfulness known only to those who dwell ever " far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife."

CHAPTER VIII

WITH the dawn the Gedîd unmoors from the bank and gently slips away southward by one of the many narrow channels of the great river; for though the Nile is very wide in this neighborhood, yet there are a great number of islands, large and small, which divide it into several different channel-ways, and which are used at different seasons, according to the height of the water.

This day brought us our first instalment of those pests of tropic life — exuberant, abundant, bloodthirsty insects in myriads, which at this time took the form of huge flying ants, many over half an inch in length; and which covered the steamer (and ourselves likewise) in millions, invading the cabins and dining room, and participating in every dish of food or glass of liquid refreshment, and with a disagreeable habit of dropping their wings anywhere and everywhere, after which feat, they scurried around on their six spiny legs just as do their smaller relatives of cooler climes.

Luckily for us, these pests only continued the voyage with us for two days, when the wind

(which heretofore had come from the north, and at a speed just about equaling our own) shifted to a different point of the compass and blew the unpleasant visitors away. Shortly after breakfast, as we were lounging on deck, we passed by a rather high bank with large clumps of reeds and swamp grass growing by the river's margin, and one of our passengers sighted our first crocodile; and within fifty yards of this I saw two more. The first one was a little chap, perhaps three feet long, but the second was a huge saurian about twelve or fourteen feet in length, gray of color and rugged of back and sides: thenceforward, crocodiles were our daily companions. They usually lie half hidden in the tall grass by the river, though often they may be seen on the sandy shores between the reeds and the water; they have abandoned Egypt for many years past, fearing the attacks of mankind and his modern implements of death; and they bear a much closer resemblance to the alligator of Florida than to the crocodile of the Ganges, being possessed of the same broad, up-curving jaws as the former, instead of the more delicate jaws and snout of the latter; but they are fully as dangerous as the other two members of their family, and are ever ready to attack. Very fortunately, they are easily frightened, and the churning and roaring of our huge paddle-wheel was enough to send most of them swiftly gliding

down into the Nile, and disappearing. Pelicans were also quite frequent here, and small birds abounded. We were soon passing Kawa Island, one of the largest in the Nile, fairly well wooded, and with its banks covered with cranes; we also noticed one or two spoonbills, awkward big birds, the tip of whose bill ends in a flattened, scoop-shaped mass, whence they derive their name. The west bank all along here forms the boundary of Kordofan, while the Sûdan proper lies upon the left-hand side.

It was approaching the sunset hour when we finally left Kawa Island behind us; and after dinner, while we were seated on the upper deck, enjoying the fresh, cooling breath of the night breezes that were sweeping across the lips of earth beneath the African stars, two or three red lights ahead caused our steamer to stop; and we found ourselves approaching a new station recently located at this point of the Nile — Abbasiya, so named in honor of his highness the Khedive of Egypt. The red lights mark the site of the draw in a new bridge over the Nile, which is in process of construction here, and marks one of the numerous points where the " Cape to Cairo " railroad, when at last it has approached completion, will cross the mighty river. By the light of sevcral flaming bonfires ashore, we could see the government buildings, and the bridge itself was visible

in the light of the Gedîd's electrics, looking substantial and strongly put together, as we slowly paddled through. The next morning found us steadily steaming onward, through a country similar to that of the previous days, but with the addition of more frequent crocodilian residents along the banks. Occasionally we met a ferry-boat on these upper reaches of the Nile — wide, low-bowed craft, rowed with huge sweeps on both sides, manned by naked sailors, who usually stand, and face in the direction toward which they are going, after the Italian fashion. These boats are often piled high with cargo, the result of some successful caravan venture through the distant regions of the interior.

Before lunch we reached Abba island, wide and quite long; we were several hours in passing it. It is noteworthy chiefly from the fact that here the Mahdi lived for a time, and it was from thence that he started on that career of glory and disgrace combined, which ultimately brought him to a martyr's grave, and changed the whole history of the Sûdan, besides materially affecting the conditions of the neighboring countries. The remains of his house and the mud-brick wall surrounding it, near the south end of the island, were pointed out to us by the Reis; only a few traces of his residence are now visible, and the island is uninhabited, save by cranes, storks and other river

fowl, especially the Egyptian goose, which nests here in great abundance. The mainland around this part of the river is inhabited by the Shankhab tribe, who are excessively indolent; fishing and watching their flocks of sheep and goats seem to be their two principal hilarities, and they partake of both in a most solemn manner.

Near by, we pass Goz Abu Guma — during the Mahdist period a place of some importance, but now consisting only of a scattered collection of houses surrounded by acres of untilled land.

So far, no coal fields, as I said, have been discovered anywhere within the limits of the Sûdan, and the cost of importation of coal, even by the recently finished route via Port Sûdan and Suakîn, is so great that it is impossible to use it in the steamboat service; therefore, the fuel of all these boats is exclusively wood, and it is necessary to make almost daily stops, especially on the trip up the river, to replenish the fuel supply: coming down-stream, the current assists one's progress greatly, and then about two stops a week suffices. But so much of the timber — which is by no means plentiful — has been cleared away near the river, that at present it frequently has to be brought down to the bank from a distance of five or six miles up in the interior, on the backs of the natives: as they are instinctively exceedingly unwilling workers, the custom is to pay the tribal or village

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sheikh or head man a certain sum annually, in return for which he is expected to make it his business to see that the able-bodied men, and very frequently women also, furnish sufficient fuel to keep the various wood-stations well supplied. Ebony is very frequently used on these steamers, and another wood, the native name for which is "jaro" —(I was unable to find anyone who could otherwise identify it for me —) is also very often in evidence; it is a tree, not very large, white without but a deep red within, hard and slow-burning. Mimosa likewise enters into the category of fuel-timber, being perhaps the most frequently found of any variety of tree growing in this part of Africa. So the next stop of the Gedid is at Tauwila, a native settlement of recent growth — in fact, only since the advent of steamers on the Nile has made wooding a necessity. A few thatch dwellings form the village, the chief structure being the sheikh's house, or rather houses, as it consists of two huts joined by a passageway also of thatch, and surrounded by a thorn-bush zariba. I was told that one of the houses was for himself and the other intended to be occupied by his wives. In addition to this palatial erection, he possesses several goats and some hens, which were apparently the only inmates of his palace at the time we were there. About sunset we reached Kosti, a large town on the west bank, built somewhat after

the manner of El Duem, but a little wilder looking, a little more untamed and uncivilized, a little nearer to the great heart of the unknown continent along whose main artery we are traveling.

The women of Kosti still use the yashmak, or face veil, to a certain extent, but this practice falls into desuetude as one gets further and further away from the great centers of Mohammedanism; and even professing Moslem women further south have discarded it along with most of their other clothing. The bazaars and shops are built in a very crude manner, often consisting merely of branches of trees and bushes interwoven; and the goods offered therein for sale are chiefly of native manufacture, or else dye-woods, gum, etc., from the interior, and copper and brass wire, beads, and other articles likely to attract the native purchaser. The citizens have an air of being perpetually at rest, and apparently only stand when it is required at prayers, and only work under compulsion, and then in a very unwilling manner. Night comes sweeping over the land, and fires begin to glow here and there, particularly in the outskirts of the town, for lions are frequently seen in this part of the country, and the only protection from their depredations with which the inhabitants of Kosti are familiar, is the old method of keeping fires blazing during the night around

their dwellings. The famous constellation known as the "Southern Cross," might have been seen any night since we reached Abu Simbel, but it required rising about 3 a. m. to behold it; so that thus far we had never beheld that queen of the wide antarctic regions. But this night at Kosti, shortly before 9 p. m. a large diamond-shaped constellation rose slowly in the southeast, and we were watching it with interest, though mingled with some disappointment at its comparatively insignificant appearance, when some one informed us that we were watching what was known as the "False Cross," in the constellation "Carina," — similar to the true "Southern Cross" in its general appearance, but larger; and not to be mistaken for its famous prototype once the latter has been seen. So, faithfully we watched for about two hours; and when finally it emerged from the hazy veil that hovered over the wide horizon, and flashed its diamond-shaped quartette of celestial brilliants across the darkened forehead of the night, and over the quiet of the river and the circumambient desert, the other neighboring constellations sunk into insignificance, and one begins to feel that the mystery of the depths of space is clustering around that glittering gem of night, and it becomes ever afterward the starry symbol of the tropics, and as though it were interwoven with their destinies. About 2 a. m. it is absolutely per-

pendicular to the horizon, and appears in its fullest glory; but long ere it had sunk into the gray west, and before the first crimson flashes across the black throat of the night sky had heralded the coming of Ra, the destroyer of darkness, the Gedîd had silently panted her way from Kosti; and later, the growing light showed ahead two massive mountain peaks rising in the distance — " Gebelên " — the twin peaks. We reached there by breakfast time, but only stayed a short while. There are two or three little lakes at Gebelên, covered with pond-lilies of white, yellow and pink, sweet-scented and beautiful, precisely like their congeners that grow in the faraway continents of the Northern hemisphere. Our next stop was at the important town of Renk, where we were joined by Mr. A. E. Leuchars, one of the officials in the Public Works Department, who made a most welcome addition to our party. Several Europeans reside at Renk, as it is not only a military post, but also the seat of the local governor of the province. Here, too, for the first time, we saw the Shilluk in all his glory — one of the two principal tribes, or races, inhabiting the entire section of country for many hundred miles. The other great nation which shares with the Shilluk the occupancy of this region is the Dinka; both are exceedingly black, both extraordinarily tall, and while differing in language, customs, and to a certain degree, in

civilization also, yet the ordinary traveler will have difficulty in distinguishing them apart, save for a slight difference in weapons, and in their manner of wearing the hair. Among both tribes the garment of the male varies from a very dirty fragment of a sheet of cloth, woven from the native Sûdâni cotton, partially draped around him, down to his shadow "et præterea, nihil": sometimes his costume consists exclusively of one, two or three strings of beads, either worn around the neck or the thighs, or both; sections of elephants' tusks from one to three inches wide, and hollowed out sufficiently to pass the hand through, encircle their arms just above the elbows, or their legs below the knees; and every man carries one or two spears and often a club also. The Shilluk spear differs somewhat from that of the Dinka, as the former has generally a broad, long blade, sometimes two feet or more in length, with a distinct, heavy ridge running from where it joins on to the shaft out to the point; while the Dinka spear is smaller, often with a simple rounded or squared blade, seldom over one foot in length, and sometimes not barbed, but often decorated with plumes. The skin of the crocodile furnishes shields for both races, though the Shilluk prefers the skin of the hippopotamus, if obtainable; the shields of the Dinkas are somewhat pointed at the lower end, and blunted above, while those of the Shilluks are

rounded both above and below; and furthermore, the former shields have a large central boss for a hand-grip, while a row of very small bosses down the entire centre of the shield is the favored decoration of the latter. The war club of the Dinka is also modeled after the Zulu Kerrie, though more roughly made; it consists of a large round or semi-globular wooden ball at the end of a short club, the lower end of which is pointed, and it is made preferably of lignum vitæ, if this wood can be obtained. It is made entirely in one piece, and rather crudely; on the contrary, the ordinary Shilluk club is a very much more carefully made and finer weapon, longer, and tapering gradually to a point at the handle, while the other end is bluntly pointed, and decorated with incised geometric line patterns. In addition, the headmen among the Shilluks carry a fairly long club or staff as do the Zulus; the distinctive feature of this staff is that the handle is bound and wrapped with hide, having three, four or five pendants of the same material suspended and flapping therefrom, while there is no distinctive official staff, so far as I could learn, among the Dinkas. Another feature which is entirely connected with the Shilluk, and moreover more largely used by women, seldom by the men, is the presence and use of pipes — something not found among the Dinkas. These pipes are made of rough clay, modeled by hand, in masses as large

as one's fist, and very thick; to this is attached a hollowed limb of some small tree to serve as a stem, while a fairly large gourd performs the office of mouth-piece, the latter being wrapped in thin skin, as well as the part where bowl and stem join one another. Judging by the odor of these pipes, it is strange that any insect life can exist anywhere in the neighborhood — they are apparently superior to moth-balls in strength and I would consider them absolutely as germicidal.

But the headdresses and hair arrangements of these two leading races of Africa are their most distinctive points of difference. The Dinka, usually with a narrow, high face and forehead, dolichocephalic and slightly prognathous, keeps his hair closely cut to the head, and is often entirely shaved; but the Shilluk coaxes and cajoles his hirsute material into forms, the likeness of which might be found scattered through the fashion plates of coiffeurs and hair-dressers at any time during the last twenty-five centuries. Some spread out the hair into a large, flat mat, one or two feet in diameter, behind the head, like some ludicrous representation of an old saint's aureole or halo; others will cultivate a similar mat flat on top of their heads; one will raise a ridge of hair eight or ten inches high, running from the forehead to the back of the neck, frequently cutting it into a zigzag pattern until it resembles the exaggerated

comb of some rooster; while another will twist his hair into wisps, and grease these until each one stands stiffly separate and alone, " like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Feathers more especially are frequently twined in the hair for greater effect, and when added to the great stature of these men — (for both Dinka and Shilluk will average much over six feet in height, some being nearly or quite seven feet tall —) it makes the average European seem but a pigmy beside them. Yet, in spite of their wild appearance and savage adornments, they seemed to be good natured, easy-going people, on the whole, but with that suspiciousness of strangers that is innate in all savage or semi-savage peoples; warlike at times, and apt to be ferocious when their passions are roused, but nevertheless perfectly amenable to kindness and firmness; further and more frequent contact with the European and his ways — (provided they meet the right sort of a European, which is a somewhat scarce commodity) — will undoubtedly change them; unfortunately the change will probably be destructive to their better characteristics, leaving only the worst behind.

As these tribes live chiefly along the course of the White Nile, they are expert boatmen; the better class of canoes used by them are those wherein they go hippopotamus hunting in parties; these are genuine " dug-outs," roughly cut from a large

log, and somewhat unsubstantial, being eighteen or twenty feet long, but with a beam of only about twenty inches at most, and round bottomed, of course. But the craft principally used for all general purposes, only safe for one man and not particularly so even for him, is made out of a species of bush growing by the river, which the natives call "ambatch." These raft-like boats are simply the ambatch bushes tied together in the shape of a half-closed fan, each craft being about two feet wide at its broadest part — (the stern —) and three to four feet long. The navigator is obliged to squat in the middle of his frail boat to prevent overturning; this causes the craft to sink so low in the water that the owner is sitting in a puddle the entire time he is making his voyage, owing to percolation through the loosely-tied branches; and after every trip, the "canoe" has to be removed from the water and placed in the sun to dry, otherwise in an hour or two it would become sufficiently water-logged to sink. Yet, Shilluk and Dinka not only risk their lives in crocodile-infested waters, seated on these unseaworthy little craft, but often load them in addition with baskets of grain, fish and other articles, and then unconcernedly paddle away as serenely as though their boat were a huge transatlantic liner — perhaps even *more* serenely. I shall never forget my first Shilluks, here in Renk. As we were drawing near to the landing place I

noticed, about a quarter of a mile down stream, three huge, barbaric figures with waving plumes in their hair, bearing shields, spears and all the pomp and panoply of war — as war is depicted to the youthful imagination; an idea which, I think, we never forget unless we later are active participants therein ourselves.

I was somewhat at sea as to what would be their manner of accepting the attentions of a stranger, especially when the latter's only card of introduction consisted of a camera; and I thought perhaps I was in a fair way to testing the capacities of a Shilluk spear likewise; but I resolved to introduce myself, in the hopes of securing a picture; and defensive armor in the shape of numerous piastres in one of my pockets seemed sufficient wherewith to brave the terrors of the savages. So leaving the steamer, I traversed the quarter of a mile between their position and the landing stage. To my surprise, one of them spoke excellent Arabic, and after the question whether he and his friends — (for others who had been lying on the ground had escaped my notice as the Gedîd steamed past —) would receive any remuneration for their condescension in permitting themselves to be photographed, had been satisfactorily answered, the party " lined up " and permitted me to take several " snap shots."

Ten years ago a thousand pounds sterling in

gold would not have been of as much value in the way of "backsheesh" as would a few nails, a yard or two of brass or copper wire, needles, etc.; now, however, they have found that these circular, stamped bits of metal are considered somewhere else as the equivalent of nails, needles, wire and other things; therefore they now accept money, and then through the help of some one of their friends on the steamers, they bargain for what they really wish, assured that on the next voyage of that boat, a few months later, their wishes will be carried out and their wants supplied. There are one or two houses in Renk which are made entirely of mud, except the roofs, which are composed of thatch, in the usual native style; but the majority consist of the ordinary tukls, built exclusively of thatch, walls as well as roofs. In their construction a circular spot is first marked out and staked, then the thatch is either woven in and out between the stakes, in handfuls, or else suspended perpendicularly between the stakes in large bundles, and these fastened to the stakes and to one another by means of woven grass ropes; while the sloping, pointed roof is likewise composed of great bunches of thatch tied together in a similar manner.

Numerous clumps of mimosa and acacia grow at frequent intervals throughout the town, which, of course, is laid out without the slightest regard to

regularity, each householder building wherever it best pleases him. The air in this part of the Sûdan seemed unusually charged with electricity; on retiring for the night, when I removed my coat, sparks and flashes emanated from it wherever I touched it, accompanied by a slight snapping sound; and even in daylight, when the spark could not be perceived by the eye, very frequently I received slight shocks on touching my clothes. Renk lies well within the district where elephants and lions are especially prevalent; and I was told by one of the officials stationed here that often the inhabitants can hear the trumpeting of the one, and the roaring of the other, during the entire night. Gazelles and waterbucks abound, and this is probably one of the reasons why lions are so numerous. Only a few days before our arrival an Englishman employed in the Public Works Department was riding in broad daylight not more than a mile back from the town when suddenly, as he was passing a thick clump of thorn-bush, a full-grown lion sprang at him, landing on the withers of his horse, which shied and promptly threw his rider. Raising his rifle, to which he had clung in spite of his fall, the official fired at the lion while only a few paces away, but missed hitting a vital spot, whereupon the lion left the horse — (which he had been mangling —) and turned his attention to the more active opponent. The fierce beast had already chewed and torn the

man's right arm nearly to the shoulder, and the Englishman had become insensible, when the approach of several natives on their way to the town, caused the lion to leave his prey and glide away into the bush. The natives brought the injured man to Renk, where he received medical attention and was sent on, as soon as removal was possible, to the hospital at Khartûm, but I heard that he had died there a few weeks later. I had no personal encounter with the "king of beasts," but had the good fortune to see one stalking his prey shortly after leaving Renk. The Gedîd was steaming along in her usual leisurely way, and as we had sighted several herds of cob and waterbuck, I was on the upper deck with my glasses, on the lookout for more game. The banks were rather low, free of underbrush as a rule, but with occasional patches of shrubbery and tall grass, mingled with a good deal of mimosa.

Suddenly I noticed, a short distance only from the river, two cob of the "white-tailed" variety — a doe with her young one — nibbling at the short herbage, which grows plentifully, yet keeping near one of the clumps of high grass — a perfect hiding place for carnivorous game. A moment after, from a thicket, not a hundred yards away from the feeding deer, there emerged a sinuous, lithe, grayish-brown body, which it took but a second glance to resolve into a fine specimen of the

Sûdan lion, heavily maned — so heavily, in fact, that he almost appeared to have a hump above his massive shoulders: — he was stalking the cob, and evidently anticipated a fine meal. Suddenly he turned his head in our direction — evidently he had been so intent on his quarry previously that the steamer had been unnoticed by him; — he stiffened upright for one moment, and then crouched close to the earth and glided swiftly forward into a thicket in front, and was lost to view. I would have liked to have witnessed the termination of his hunt; for, though we were less than two hundred yards from him when he disappeared, he was still on the track of the cob, and doubtless ultimately secured one or both of them.

KIMPO, KING OF THE DINKAS—KENISA

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CHAPTER IX

THE night following the steamer tied up at "Nowhere"— just a bare bit of river bank with neither village nor house anywhere in sight; and though we heard the next morning that a herd of elephants had come down to the bank during the night to drink, just opposite to where we were anchored, yet we slept peacefully until long after the steamer had once more started on her course. The shores of the river had again become slightly higher, and the timber growth in the neighborhood had actually acquired the altitude and density of genuine trees, which were sufficiently numerous to form true forests. This woodland growth is interspersed here and there with wide, grassy plains, often of three or four hundred acres in extent; and here all manner of deer and buck congregate by the thousands. In one single herd, spread over perhaps about fifty acres of prairie, I counted seventy-eight individuals that were visible, while perhaps twice as many more were lying down in the tall grass, which prevented our seeing anything except the heads and lines of the backs of those which were standing erect. Unluckily for

When a steamer passes, owing to the unstability of their boats, they will glide into the bushes and grass lining the shore, and remain "anchored" by gathering the shrubbery on each side of their craft and thus keeping it tied in after a fashion until the waves created by the steamer's passage have subsided; and while in this position they are very difficult to detect.

There is hardly a yard of shore-line anywhere that does not bear the tracks and traces of some kind of game that for years has followed that same trail nightly to the water; until there has been worn a regular, unmistakable path through the reeds. Water-buck, cob, wart-hog, rhinoceros, elephant, hippopotamus, lion — each and all have their respective trails, easily distinguishable to the accustomed eye; but of them all, the hippopotamus is by far the most frequent; and the great, round, four-toed footprints from one to twelve inches deep simply honeycomb the whole surface of the ground in all directions, and have often worn gullies two or three feet deep in the banks where they have made their nightly pilgrimages down to the Nile. And in these forests, and onward until timber growth gives place to the vast, trackless sudd, are any number of birds, usually of the smaller species, and many with brilliant plumage — true children of the glowing tropic days wherein they are born and

live and pass away. Some of these little tree-dwellers have brown backs and heads, with bright blue wings and tails; others — the "bee-eaters," as they are called — are a brilliant emerald-green, one species having two long, pointed feathers in their tails: others, a little larger, are brown and green; the so-called "sun-birds" are a brick red, with blue tails and black markings on their wings, while others are a sky blue, with red heads and tails. There are also hundreds of little kingfishers, black and white like their relatives in our own land, while I saw a few smaller birds whose name I could not learn, that were black and red. Nor can I omit the national bird of the country — at least I may be permitted to thus name him,— the happy-go-lucky little wag-tail. Mingled with the greens, grays, olives and yellows of the wild forest growth, or with the arid, sandy lands around the villages, one might think these swift-darting birds were prismatic effects of the sunshine — and so they are; but the prism is held in the hand of the one great Mother, Nature; and it is she who gives this wild, untraveled, almost unmapped region those colors and tints that make up its manifold, though seldom seen, beauties. Following the winding course of the Nile, we finally arrived at Melut. The natives here appear to spend most of their time either patiently sitting on the bank fishing,

or else hunting hippopotami, and for this latter, they generally use the ordinary "dugout" canoes, as they go in parties of three or four, seldom venturing alone on such a quest in their frail ambatch boats. The town of Melut is of considerable size — that is to say, it covers a large extent of territory: but the houses are irregularly placed in groups, wherever the fancy of the owner dictates, as is the case with nearly all these African towns: one or two of its citizens who have served in the Sûdâni army still continue to wear the red tarbûsh and white uniform which is the distinctive clothing of the regular troops. This costume is decidedly different from that of the ordinary native — the fisherman and the hippopotamus hunter,— who seldom wears more than a ragged bit of loin cloth or hide, and a string or two of beads. The weapon chiefly relied on in compassing the death of the hippopotamus, is the harpoon, for the use of guns is prohibited to the natives. This harpoon consists of a rather wide iron point with one large barb, having a bar eight or ten inches long at the base, for the purpose of attaching the point to a wooden handle, which is eight or nine feet long — the usual length of a spear. To this iron head, which fits loosely into a hole bored or burned into the wooden handle, there is attached a long coil of "rope," often made of thin thongs of elephant

or hippopotamus hide, though occasionally I saw them woven of grass fiber by the natives: the other end of this coil of " rope," which is eighteen or twenty feet long, is fastened to a bundle of sticks a foot or so in length, bound together to form a sort of float. When the hunter has approached near enough to his prey, he plunges the harpoon into the unlucky pachyderm, and when the slightly-attached wooden handle is withdrawn, the iron barb remains imbedded in the flesh of the animal. Then the float — the bundle of sticks at the other end of the line — is thrown quickly overboard, while the hunters withdraw to a safe distance. Sometimes, however, the wound received by the huge leviathan is only a slight flesh wound, the harpooner having missed a vital part, whereupon the hunter becomes the hunted; and woe betide him if the massive jaws and great teeth of the creature happen to crush him and his craft between them. But if the blow of the harpooner has been truly struck, and the harpoon gone home, it is only a question of time when the hunter will recover both his weapon and his quarry, as a hippopotamus when dead always sinks for many hours before coming to the surface; and this being so, the position and location of the body can be known by means of the float attached thereto: so long as the float moves along the surface, the hippopotamus is alive; but after

it has remained stationary a short while, the beast is indubitably dead; in which case, friends and neighbors gather together and proceed to the place where the body is lying, as indicated by the float; then they pull the carcass ashore by means of ropes. The head, being considered the choicest morsel, becomes the property of the owner of the harpoon, and the rest of the animal is divided among the members of his village or tribe, who feast thereon until it is all devoured,— which will probably be at the latest twenty-four hours.

We had quite a sensation on the Gedîd while lying at Melut, caused by an attempt on the part of a large snake about seven or eight feet in length, to climb aboard by means of our big paddle-wheel astern. He was discovered by one of the crew when he had nearly reached the upper deck, and the alarm was promptly given. Captain Fox kindly loaned me his gun, and I shot the reptile through the head. The ugly customer belonged to the constrictor species, and looked as though he would have proved a formidable antagonist to an unarmed individual. The natives of Melut claimed the body and carried it joyfully away for a feast: I was informed that snake was considered a particularly luscious "pièce de resistance" in their limited menu. The same thing occurred a few days later at a Shilluk village further up-stream, where another

"snake feast" was held under like circumstances. At Melut, and for several days thereafter, an entomologist would have literally been in his element day and night; for the numberless varieties of creeping, crawling and flying creatures that invaded, and held possession of, our steamer during the succeeding two or three days, were most astonishing. Huge flies an inch long, voracious as mosquitoes, swarmed over the entire boat, alow and aloft; and other insects, not to be outdone, came to keep them company. From tiny creatures no larger than the smallest of fleas, up to the huge "rhinoceros beetle" two or three inches long, they exhibited every size that the most exacting could demand, several specimens of the mantis, fully six inches long, were found on board, and coleoptera of various colors and any number of shapes and forms, vied with large crickets and giant grasshoppers in contesting which could first reach the contents of one's soup-plate or drinking glass. When one recollects that the catering was far from good, and that many things such as oranges, dried figs, mineral waters, etc., had by this time vanished entirely from our larder, and that the only beverage obtainable (except Scotch whiskey) was aerated "soda," bottled in Khartûm, and therefore probably not of the best and purest quality, this unpleasant addition of insect life to the delicacies of our table

made the matter of food one of indifference, at the least; we only ate and drank enough to sustain life and then fled from the table, since any trend toward epicureanism was entirely out of the question. One can certainly sympathize with the government officials who are obliged to spend all their time in this neighborhood, for what we experienced was a slight inconvenience only, when compared with what one has to undergo in the hot days of summer, when insect life renders human existence almost insupportable. We made an exceedingly early start the next morning, even before the first pale light weaving its web among the stars announced the coming of another day; and by the time the sun was well on his way toward the zenith, we entered a small branch stream on the western side of the Nile, past a sand-bank literally alive with crocodiles; and a short way up this narrow bayou we reached the village of Kodok, formerly famous under its better-known name of Fashoda. During the Mahdi's campaign, troops of the Dervishes came all through this section of country, commanding the natives to follow his banner, under penalty of death for themselves, slavery for their wives and children, and the destruction of their entire property if they failed so to do. At this juncture, a quixotic but brave French officer, Major — afterwards Colonel — Marchand, with merely a

handful of French troops, men as "game" as himself, after suffering severe hardships on their march from the interior provinces to the west, captured Fashoda (as it was then called), and held it for civilization in spite of disease and a climate unsurpassed in Africa for its malignancy. And here, surrounded by hostile forces, with fevers ready to prey upon them at any moment, and devoured by terrible mosquitoes whose superiors do not exist elsewhere in Africa, these heroic men held on while days passed into months; and though ultimately obliged to surrender the town to the English, the brave stand and determined efforts of Marchand and his men, which alone prevented all this section of country from being subjugated by the Mahdist forces, was sufficient to warrant for them, on their return home afterward, the rewards and recognition due to heroes — for such, indeed, they were. Marchand's fort, a one-story structure of native bricks, unburnt, yet stands facing the landing place; and in front of it, four small cannon are pointing riverward, just where he himself placed them; while a short distance to the north is the house which was occupied by Marchand during the period of his occupation of the post: this residence, like the fort, is built of brick, and is surrounded by a wide portico consisting of three large arches at front and rear, and five arches

on each of the other two sides. Nearer the river, and in front of this house, there still flourishes the garden which he planted; and the entire town has a more active, up-to-date appearance than have most of these villages lost in that vast wilderness that borders on the Nile. That Fashoda is considered an important strategic point may be gathered when one learns that the English have troops quartered here: and in addition, there is a relic of the struggle between Lord Kitchener and the Khalifa in port — the gunboat "El Hafir,"— one of the gunboats that was transported in sections across the Nubian desert under Kitchener's orders, and put together again above the last cataract, and launched near the Atbara. "El Hafir" took a prominent part in shelling the positions of the Dervishes at Kerreri, Omdurman and Khartûm; and though now one of the regular steamers of the Sûdan government, she still carries her batteries and stands of arms in as warlike a manner as when she helped to place the English flag upon the ruined walls of Gordon's capital. Without such naval aid, the strength of England's hold upon the Sûdan would be even more precarious than it is, and the three gunboats in this section are continually patrolling the river to enforce respect for the officials, native no less than foreign, who are doing their best to elevate the condition of the people, and develop

the, as yet, scarcely touched resources of the country. After Marchand delivered over the town to the British officials, its name was changed from Fashoda to Kodok; but both names are still used, though the latter is now gradually supplanting the former.

A new causeway is being built over the bayou by which we had come up to the town, and will be continued for about a quarter of a mile out to the Nile itself, which will put Kodok more in touch with the rest of the country, since the river is the principal highway: the bayou, moreover, is narrow and shallow, and is gradually filling up, and in a few years will be impassable for boats. The crocodiles are particularly numerous in this bayou; so the government has been obliged to build thorn-bush "zaribas," or fences, several yards out into the water, and continuing the landward end for some distance in-shore, as a protection for the women coming there for water, against the attacks of these dangerous beasts. Prior to the building of these weirs or "zaribas," it was an ordinary occurrence for some unfortunate female to be seized and eaten by a crocodile before the eyes and within arm-grasp of her companions, who would be utterly powerless to offer her any assistance whatever. These weirs are formed by driving stakes into the mud, leaving them standing four or five feet above the

water level, and extending from ten or twelve feet beyond low water mark, and as many feet landward; and then interweaving branches of thorn-bush, mimosa, etc., from the bottom upward, thus forming an impregnable barrier against the man-eaters.

The killing of game in the Sûdan, or at least much of it, is surrounded by much red tapeism, and no one is allowed at any time to kill certain wild animals in the country; but there is no prohibition against killing as many crocodiles, hippopotami, lions and leopards as one chooses, owing to their dangerous nature and the destruction of life and property which they cause. We first found growing in this neighborhood the Sûdâni peanut, precisely like its Virginia namesake in shape and taste, though very much smaller; and with the exception of an occasional dôm palm, lime tree or banana plant, this peanut seems to be almost the one thing edible that the vegetable world furnishes in this part of Africa. Here we regretfully parted from Mr. Leuchars, of the Public Works Department, as the territory which is under his supervision extends from this point to Renk: his departure was the first break in our pleasant party. On the river bank, as we were leaving Kodok, I saw my first marabout — a gawky, large-bodied bird, long-legged, and with a huge head perfectly bald, with a bill suggestive

SHILLUKS MENDING CANOE—TAUFIKIYA, SUDAN

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of a pelican's, only straighter. The rare and valuable feathers which take their name from this ungainly bird, are his only claims to beauty, and are assuredly only "skin-deep" in his case. Their rarity and high cost is due to the fact that this curious creature has sought in the untraveled portions of Africa that safety which a desire for costly adornment on the part of the Caucasian female has elsewhere denied him: hence he is very difficult to find. Poor, awkward, clumsy-looking bird, to be so harassed solely because of the few lovely feathers that Mother Nature gave him, to compensate for so much other ugliness! We rounded the sand-pit at the mouth of the bayou, and turned again up-stream, sending our stern waves high upon the shore and bathing the poor marabout's skinny knees nearly to his breast, but he deigned not to move; so there we left him to continue ruminating as usual. After Kodok, the forests become much more scattered, and the whole aspect of the country takes on a wilder, more savage appearance, flat and sandy, with high reeds and water plants at the river level, and scattered clumps of high grass inland; and these conditions still existed when we made a stop at Lul during the evening. Around this village, we saw, perched upon the high trees that grow near the river brink, quite a large number of huge brown eagles with white heads and tails, some-

what resembling the "bald eagles" of North America. The Austrian Catholics have established a mission station at Lul for the benefit of the Shilluks, who are the principal inhabitants of this region; and the mission seems to be quite prosperous. One of the Fathers in charge very kindly took us through the buildings: he said that the older natives paid no attention whatever to the mission, though never exhibiting any active hostility toward it; but that the children up to twelve or fourteen years of age were very tractable, and seemed amenable to education and discipline. The little boys were very gay, following us around everywhere, and chattering every moment, though the girls kept rather at a respectable distance, and any near approach on the part of any one of our party would send them scampering around the nearest corner. There is a school connected with the mission, of course, with well made benches and desks, and the "curriculum" includes German, English,—(a speaking knowledge only required) — arithmetic and geography.

The chapel, which occupies one room on the ground floor, is comfortably fitted up, and if the Fathers who are at the head of the mission in Lul are animated by the same spirit and principles that led the Catholic priests into the wilds

of North America in the early days of American history, their success will be a thing assured. The Shilluk is certainly no more difficult material upon which to work than were our own Indians, particularly those of the Mississippi Valley.

The native village lies only a few hundred yards east and north from the mission buildings, and is located about a mile back from the river, across a swamp covered with high grass and mimosa, through which runs a roadway or dyke up from the landing place. This road is entirely the work of native laborers; and at the time we visited the spot, they were engaged in cutting a deep ditch to drain that part of the swamp near the mission. Close to the river bank, the Fathers have planted a garden, wherein they raise flowers as well as vegetables; but the tilling of the soil, planting of the seed, and tending of the luxuriant growth resulting therefrom, is entirely done by young girls, as the boys and men think it beneath their dignity to do any sort of manual labor, preferring to spend their leisure hours in the more onerous tasks of hunting or fishing. These Shilluks are among the finest types of men, physically, that I saw in Africa; and the group of tall, scantily-clad warriors, with their fancy hair arrangements, long, wide-bladed spears, and rough shields, that congregated on the banks to witness the arrival

and departure of the Gedîd, make a remarkably impressive picture. Recently a curious and previously unknown sickness has attacked the native village; though so far, the Europeans who compose the staff of the mission have been exempt from its ravages. Starting with a slight fever, which does not yield to any of the recognized curatives, the patient alternates between gaiety and moroseness for several days, and then falls into a comatose condition; shortly afterwards, maniacal tendencies begin to exhibit themselves, lasting two or three days, when another comatose condition ensues: the patient either dies in this state, or else when he awakes he is emaciated and weak for some time, but has no further return of the malady. An account of the matter was promptly forwarded to the government authorities at Khartûm, in order that it may be investigated by the medical staff there, and its causes and antidote sought for.

The days have grown warmer imperceptibly, as we have been proceeding southward: temperatures of 100° Fahrenheit are not uncommon even in February, as we are now nearly under the direct rays of a tropic sun whose fiery shafts have parched and baked the earth until great cracks and seams have opened everywhere; so that the reading of my thermometer —

104°— in my stateroom while we were at Lul did not seem extravagantly high. I have felt the temperature much more severely in other countries when the thermometer registered fully twenty degrees less.

CHAPTER X

WE departed from this little mission — outpost of civilization — bathed, even deluged, in African sunshine, under skies of cloudless tropic blue, with its black soil gaping heavenward from a hundred thousand dry, parched mouths, awaiting the coming of the rainy season that in a few weeks will make a morass of everything except the highway leading from the river to the low crest whereon the mission building and native village are situated; and once more we recommenced the journey that leads ever southward, between the low, flat shores. All signs of cultivation disappear quickly, and even the undergrowth becomes sparse and scattered; and only the rugged backs of crocodiles, or the nostrils and ears of some lazy hippopotamus rising to breathe, break the monotony of the scenery. So we wind up-stream, stopping only at the wood stations: usually there is no town to mark the spot — not even a few scattered huts,— only corded timber piled for a short distance along the changeless banks of the apparently endless river; — until one morning as the dawn slowly wreathed itself

into the gray of the east, we reached a small town situated where the banks had become slightly higher — the town of Taufikiya, where an English mission is located. So far, there is neither church, chapel nor school to mark its site,— only one huge square structure with a wide veranda around it, supported by wooden posts, with the earth for its flooring, and the usual thatch roof,— somewhat larger than the mission at Lul. The missionary himself — there is only one in charge — was not in Taufikiya at the time; on enquiry we learned that he had gone hunting somewhere in the interior, so the native flock was left shepherdless, to its own devices, and was as lazy and careless as usual. The wooden posts supporting the roof over the portico of the mission had all been eaten through by white ants, and were being replaced by others tarred at the lower end: the work was being done entirely by women, a band of whom were gathered in the shade of the building, and who seemed to think that the quickest way to get the work finished satisfactorily was to sit upon the ground and talk about it, which they were hard at work doing the entire time of our stay.

The native houses are built entirely of straw, with very long roofs reaching nearly to the ground, and are proof against white ants, whose huge nests,— or rather *domes* — of earth often

five or six feet high, may be seen dotting the country in all directions. In addition to the mission, Taufikiya is likewise a military post: the troops stationed here consist of twenty or thirty native infantry, under the command of one or two Englishmen, the rest of the officers being natives: it is a wise policy of the British government in the Sûdan to send to the southern part of the country the troops raised from the far north, and to send the southern native contingent to serve in the northerly parts of the territory, thus preventing tribal and family affiliations from interfering with military duties; and I was agreeably surprised at finding that in this section, where the languages of the Shilluks and Dinkas predominate, the troops were thoroughly conversant with Arabic, and there were a few also who were fairly proficient in English. The native troops had separate houses for each private, and many of them had brought their wives and families with them, so that Tanfikiya had quite an Egyptian air about it; and despite the fact that there are no shops nor bazaars nearer than Kosti, many hundred miles north, the town had an appearance of stability and prosperity that was quite unanticipated. Here we first became acquainted with the "doleib palm"—somewhat different from the date palm, dôm palm and the other varieties of palm we had met with so far; the fruit of the

doleib consists of a large, edible nut; and when the wind moves its huge leaves, it causes a rumble like that of distant breakers on some rock-encrusted sea-coast. The shade which it furnishes is perhaps the densest of any other African tree: the trunk is very fibrous, and is used in making ropes, baskets, mats, and to a certain extent, even clothing; while its edible fruit makes it one of the valuable trees of the country, though it is of but little use as fuel. When night had fastened close the shutters of the house of day, a new and wierd beauty was added to the landscape from this time on. Great stretches of marsh extend on both sides of the river from Taufikiya southward, ultimately becoming merged into the great untrodden wilderness of the "sudd"; and this marsh grass becomes very dry during the long, hot days that have produced rainless skies for so many months over the widespreading veldt. Therefore these marshes burn readily; and though occasionally a fire may be incendiarily kindled by native hippopotamus hunters or others, yet far more frequently spontaneous combustion is responsible; and at night the whole horizon to the south is dotted with flashes of fire, and lit by high-leaping flames; while by day, clouds of smoke lie thick around the sky-line. Later on in the voyage, we encountered and passed directly through several of these great swamp-fires, which

for grandeur and beauty are unequalled. We left Taufikiya before sunrise, as usual; and just as the great fiery globe was driving the morning clouds before him with his celestial arrows of flame, and the dove-like tints of dawn were beginning to assume the deeper shades and colors that betokened another day, a wide, beautiful estuary appeared upon the left; and then between forests and thickets upon the one side, and swamps of tangled masses of high reeds and grass upon the other, the Gedîd slowly entered the mouth of the Sobat river — one of the most beautiful streams, to my mind, that can be found in this land where Nature has been so lavish in her gifts of loveliness. Ere long, there appeared on the northern bank a long mound or hillock, green with its wealth of doleib palms, whence it has received its name — "Doleib Hill." Here the Presbyterians of the United States of America, after much trouble with, and interference by, the English authorities, established a mission station about twenty years ago, under the directorship of Rev. Dr. Giffen (whom I had the pleasure of meeting while I was in Khartûm, where he is now residing with his wife). This mission is at present under the management of several American missionaries, including one medical man, two in charge of the manual labor department, and two who attend especially to the educational and religious training of their Shilluk

protégés. There are several very well-built houses belonging to the mission, one being used as a hospital, and another as a chapel; but as the latter has been found too small for the growing needs of the work, a larger one is projected, and will probably soon be completed. At the time we were there, no patients were in the hospital, though the doctor in charge had six or eight out-patients in the neighborhood, suffering from minor ailments: we did not have an opportunity of meeting him, as he had gone some sixty miles inland the day before, to set the broken leg of a native who had been injured by a charging rhinoceros: this is a practical example of Christianity — or rather of civilization — that the native can thoroughly understand and appreciate; and as they are very susceptible to kindness and a personal interest in their well-being, it is safe to predict that the Doleib Hill mission will long remain to be of value to the country and to the people. No higher endorsement of its work could be found than that given by Lord Cromer in response to an appeal for his assistance in obtaining a grant for its founding. The presence of the wives of two of the missionaries stationed here lends a home-like feature to the place which is noticeably lacking, both at Taufikiya and Lul. The present head of the mission is Rev. Dr. McCreary; and he and his wife sent a most cor-

dial invitation to the Americans who were passengers on the Gedîd, to come and breakfast with them. The breakfast was excellent, both as to quantity and quality, though unostentatious and simple, and we all thoroughly appreciated the kindness of our thoughtful hosts; and Dr. McCreary's very interesting conversation concerning the work accomplished by the mission, the customs and life of the natives, and the observations he has made into their language, folk-lore and religion — (if the dim, half-formed ideas and mystic fetichism in which they believe and to which they trust, can accurately be so termed) — added greatly to the pleasure of our entertainment, especially when we realized that these were our fellow-country people, far off in a land where one may indeed "look through Nature up to Nature's God" — voluntarily surrendering the comforts of civilization for the dearth of them that this wilderness furnishes. Curiously enough, many colloquialisms familiar to our American ears find their counterparts among the Shilluks — or "Shullas," as Dr. McCreary says they call themselves. For example, we speak of a "splitting headache" — the Shilluk describes a headache with words which translated literally are "my head splits." "It is roasting hot," becomes with them, "it is hot enough to cook" anything. Dr. McCreary has also compiled a dictionary and

grammar of the native tongue, with numerous notes on some dialectic differences; so that the philology of the Shilluk language is in a fair way to being known, should Dr. McCreary desire to publish the valuable material which he has gathered, and it is to be hoped he will soon do so.

There happened to be a baby at the mission — a young American who had first drawn breath a few months previously amid these dusky surroundings, so naturally the ladies of the party had to pay him a visit; and meanwhile the other members of the mission staff accompanied the lone male representative from the United States — myself — on a tour of inspection around the grounds. A fine windmill and artesian well furnishes excellent and plentiful drinking water — a necessity in a country where most of the water drunk is absolutely baleful and unfit for use. Several large bungalows consisting mainly of thatch roofs supported on poles, and open on all sides, give shelter from the heat of the sun to a number of native workers: women, and even a few men, as well as children, are here employed in plaiting rope from palm fiber, making baskets and other utensils, and carpentering: at gardening alone do they draw the line, this work being performed exclusively by the young girls, as at Lul. But to get the men to work at anything whatever is a tremendous step, for everywhere

here the male population furnishes the hunters, fisherfolk and loafers, the women alone being the workers. This is genuine suffragetteism. It seemed strange, amid the peaceful surroundings of the mission, to find every man carrying spears, but we must remember that instead of being simply a weapon of warfare, as we would consider it, the spear of the African savage is his weapon of defense — and often his only one — against wild beasts as well as wild men, for the club would be of little use against the former. Curiously enough, not a single man among all the tribes with whom I came in contact, carried a knife; this weapon seems to be unknown among them. Mingled with the typical Shilluk spears here, I noticed a few of true Bari work and type — slender pointed and roughly made, with a " rib " down the blade as in the case of the Shilluk type, though the latter is always much larger than the former: the Bari spear also has frequently an additional point at the base of the handle. Those I saw here, however, have been purchased or captured by the Shilluks from their southern neighbors; for the Bari are a fierce and savage race, and are seldom found in neighborhoods where the white man has settled, except when on a raid. Everyone, white and black, came down to the landing place to see us off; and with mutual good

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wishes, we slowly steamed away from Doleib Hill in the freshness of a glorious forenoon, and turned the head of our steamer westward, toward the Nile. At its point of junction with the Sobat, the Nile abandons its southerly direction, and we make a great sweep westward; and on the point of land between the two rivers, where formerly Baker-Pacha, one of the early explorers of this mighty stream, had built a fort, the remnants of which are still visible, we came across a large herd of cob and water-buck — varieties of the large deer that are found all through this region. Late in the evening, we passed the northern mouth of another of the Sûdan's enchanting and uncharted rivers — the "Bahr el Zarâf," or "Giraffe river." It is along this stream that the giraffe is found in great profusion, hence its name: though so rare a creature is the slender-necked, spotted beauty, and so nearly is it approaching extinction, that a special license fee of £25 must be paid for every one that is shot. The distinguished "private citizen," Col. Roosevelt, is the only person in recent years who has been privileged to shoot as many as he desired without restraint or license. This river winds southward for nearly three hundred miles through the sudd, and finally unites with the Bahr el Gebel — which is the true source of the Nile — nearly at the

Uganda border, so that it practically is only a branch stream of the Nile rather than one of its tributaries.

For several days past, the steamer had been passing floating masses of reeds and papyrus, more or less large, drifting down stream with the current — the offshoots and broken fragments from the borders of that great, impenetrable growth known as the "sudd"; and this sudd consists of water-grasses and papyrus which, while growing largely above the surface, often to a height of eighteen or twenty feet, have their roots in long trailers far beneath the water level: when these roots come in contact with the soil at the bottom of the river, they promptly take hold and in a few hours have anchored the entire floating mass above so effectually that it forms a dense mass of vegetable growth that absolutely prevents the passage of any sort of vessel whatever. Other floating masses coming in contact with these recently attached bits of floating island remain fixed thereto, and by gradual increment, they form new "land," so to speak, which in a short while becomes sufficiently firm to bear the weight of man and even of some animals. Therefore it is evident that what is a clear, open channel one week, may the next week become blocked by a mile of marsh and grasses ranging from thirty to forty feet from base to summit — which is a de-

cided embarrassment to navigation. After passing the Bahr el Zaraf, this sudd becomes plentiful on the south side of the Nile, though the north bank retains its terrestrial character at base: this north shore, while flat, is still somewhat above the level of the river, and is well covered with grass, though only occasionally does a grove or dense thicket appear: the great forests where game abounds lie far in the interior, and are only visible with a pair of field-glasses. Water-buck and other large members of the family of cervidæ, however, are very numerous, and herds of them were visible almost hourly as the Gedîd bore us onward toward Lake No and the end of the White Nile, geographically speaking. Hippopotami and crocodiles continue to be regular denizens of the river and its banks — the afternoon of the day we left Doleib Hill we counted over sixty of the latter in less than two hours. Two government officials on board used their rifles continually on them, thus preventing my obtaining any photographs of the resting saurians, for they invariably fired long before the brute aimed at was anywhere within range and thus disturbed all the others within a two-hundred yard radius. As their ammunition and selfishness seemed inexhaustible, and my patience was not, I gave up the attempt at photographing.

Egrets, kites, "bulbuls," and the ever-present

hoopoe with his superb crest still remained with us, soon to give place to the birdless, treeless, almost insectless expanse of the sudd.

The Arabs have an interesting and very pretty legend connected with the hoopoe, which is well worth repeating. King Solomon had entrusted many of his most serious plans and engagements to the hoopoe, or "hudhud," as the Arab stories call him; and one of the latter's greatest exploits was the bringing of the Queen of Sheba before the great Israelitish king. In return for the many important services rendered by the little bird to Solomon, the latter finally asked the hoopoe to name the reward he desired for his unusual and valued services. Puffed up by pride at his numerous successes, the hoopoe requested King Solomon to grant unto him and his race forever, the right to wear golden crowns upon their heads, in imitation of that worn by the king. "Be it so," answered Solomon, sadly; and at once every hoopoe was endowed with a crown of solid gold, which so weighed down their tiny heads that they were not only unable to raise their eyes toward Solomon, but were in danger of starvation, since their heads dragged upon the ground. Filled with contrition for the excessive and silly vanity that had prompted them to request the golden crowns, their spokesman asked the king to remove a burden which was more than they could

bear, humbly confessing their mistake and unworthy pride, and asking that he alone be the judge of what was a fitting recompense for their services. After a lecture on the evil effects of pride and vainglorying, King Solomon removed the crowns of gold; but gave them in exchange the beautful head-dress of feathers which the hoopoe proudly wears to this day — yet coupled with humility, for he bows his head at every step — and which he carries as a memento of the good will of the great king. So much for the little hoopoe.

Far southward, scattered here and there along the dim, misty horizon, two or three great peaks loom upward,— outcasts or sentinels, one knows not which, of the great central range which includes Kilimandjaro, Kenia, Ruwenzori and other giants of the " dark continent " in the category of its children. We tied up late at night at an unnamed collection of three or four huts; and the next day reached the last stopping place before coming to Lake No and the Bahr el Gebel region. This place is called Tonga, where the Austrian Catholics have also a mission station — an off-shoot from the one established at Lul. The buildings of the mission are some distance inland, and are reached by a long roadway built over the swampy land nearer the river, and leading to the higher ground beyond and further back.

The mission buildings with their church and school are comfortable and clean; the curriculum is modeled on that of the mission at Lul, and the Fathers who conduct it are most courteous and affable: the difference between the two missions is chiefly this,— that at Lul, the natives are Shilluks: here we are in the Dinka region, and the pupils belong to this latter race: but the conditions are about the same; the young are the ones benefited, while the adult portion of the population becomes hunter, fisher, warrior by turns or (if the other sex) the worker. When one visits the village nearby, the difference between the untutored aborigines and those who have received instruction at the hands of the "stranger within their gates," is distinctly noticeable. At Tonga, one may see the hills of the white ants in the greatest profusion; many are still occupied by the "termites," but a number also are abandoned and half-destroyed under the fingers of the elements; and everything wooden has to be most carefully protected against their attacks. Chameleons and lizards run riot everywhere, indoors and out, and snakes abound. Here at Tonga, as on a previous occasion, a large constrictor crawled on board, or else was accidentally brought on while taking in wood: I shot it, as I did its predecessor, and this one likewise went into the native boiling pot. Two small sailing

craft were moored to the bank at Tonga when we arrived, having on board a party of Frenchmen who were taking cinematograph views all along the course of the Nile. One of them remarked to me that the present tribal life would alter greatly, he feared, now that civilization had advanced into and was beginning to permeate all that region—(though so far its influences appeared to me to be but slight—) and that he and his companions thought it would be a good plan to secure moving pictures of the races there while the opportunity offered: they had secured views of various native dances, including a war dance of two thousand Shilluks; also pictures of the natives at their daily avocations and occupations, and hoped to be able to make a complete photographic record of the whole country. I did not tell him that, as the civilization of Egypt, four thousand years ago, had swept over this entire region without altering by one iota the conditions of life and the barbarism then existing, I thought his surmise not likely to be speedily realized, though their views would be of extreme interest, and that I believed that generations yet to come would probably find the shaven-polled Dinka, the head-adorned Shilluk, the ash-smeared Niam-Niam, the wiry Bari, and all the other races and tribes of the equatorial regions of Africa, just in the condition that we find them to-day, and

as they were forty centuries previously. This French party had also secured several of the native wild mammals as pets — a few small crocodiles, two or three monkeys, several genets, and a young leopard cub, all of which seemed perfectly tame, and could be handled with absolute impunity.

CHAPTER XI

AND now the last link is broken that united us to the civilization of the north: for after leaving Tonga, the steamer turns toward the setting sun, rushing into a baptism of flame, until we reach Lake No, massed with grassy islands cut and crossed by a thousand channel-ways, some abruptly ending nowhere, and others winding and twisting till they again meet the parent stream out in the Bahr el Ghazal, to the westward — and this is the true sudd, boundary line of Nature's running, dividing the north from the south, covering an extent of country about two hundred by six hundred miles, untrodden for the most part by the foot of animal or man, save the sluggish hippopotamus, the wary water-buck, or the carnivorous crocodile: ribbed here and there with higher mounds and islands of solid land whereon grow heavy thickets of low trees,— an expanse of vegetation which consists principally of papyrus, ambatch and other water-loving growths, whose roots have found a resting place twenty or thirty feet below the surface, and which tower for twenty feet or more above the waters, massed

and matted together, too thick for any craft to force its way through, so that the navigation of its uncharted areas is exceedingly difficult, especially as only twelve times a year does a steamer come up-stream to penetrate this tangled, watery jungle, which is seldom the same for two consecutive weeks; so that frequently the steamers have to seek new passages among its swamps. It is through this part of the Nile that those great fires sweep, the smoke of which had been visible in front of us for several days past. At the eastward end of Lake No is a small channel turning sharply to the left, hardly noticeable in the midst of a dozen other equally small waterways here and there; yet this pathway through the swamps, that one would scarcely conceive to be worth following, is the Bahr el Gebel, the true parent stream which afterward becomes the great Nile; and it is by this unmarked river-road that the Gedîd must pursue her southward pathway. The name of this river may mean "river of the mountain," or "river of the plain"— for the Arab word "gebel" is indiscriminately used for those two utterly different aspects of terrestrial formation: whether the peaks that brood far-off on its southern limits are responsible for the name, or whether it is so called because of this wide, swampy plain of the sudd through which for two hundred miles it meanders, is not certain. On

and on into the evening lights we slowly glided, through an almost unbroken expanse of grass and foliage that stretched from horizon to horizon in all directions, following the narrow, winding silver thread that leads onward to the Nyanzas. The great feathery tops of papyrus hang almost over one's head in certain places, as we steam past; and the channel turns and twists to all points of the compass. We had taken on board at our last stopping place all the fuel possible, even the big barge alongside being loaded; for there is no wood obtainable anywhere along the two hundred miles of sudd that lies before us; and there is but little rest, day or night, for the creaking engines and the splashing wheel. When we do tie up, late at night, it is only to give captain and crew a few necessary hours of sleep, and then early the next morning to start again on what seems a ceaseless quest.

The days and nights follow one another with but little of incident, save for the ever-present "croc" and "hippo"; but there are some atmospheric changes noticeable; for heretofore the skies have been cloudless — regularly "the scarlet shafts of sunrise" have smitten the blue target of the heavens and the green one of the earth with their flames unsoothed by even a cloud the size of a baby's hand, since we were journeying through the rainless belt of the great conti-

nent; now, however, over this vast tract of swamp and morass, there is greater condensation, and frequently from the region of Lake No southward and westward, even into the Congo and Uganda regions, cloudy days are frequently met with, ultimately to become so filled and saturated with moisture as to precipitate their watery burden on the thirsty earth, thus constituting the "rainy season" of the upper reaches of the river, where a deluge of two months' duration follows four months of dryness and almost intolerable heat. Beautiful lakes appear here and there at varying distances from the thread of the river, some only a few yards away from the great stream up which we glide, while others are miles away, only visible from the promenade deck; some of these lakes are connected by a narrow little streamlet two or three feet wide with the Bahr el Gebel, while others are entirely surrounded by sudd. These lakes teem with hundreds of the usual denizens of these waters, unafraid of man because he is not known to them, for no native villages are found anywhere in this entire region. Far west, in the swamps of the Bahr el Ghazal, the "pygmies" are reported to exist, and the cannibal blacks are to be met with; but along the line of the Bahr el Gebel in this part of its tortuous course mankind is conspicuously absent. We were somewhat startled early

one morning by the shock of impact of our steamer against some unseen obstruction in the river, which nearly threw some of the passengers to the deck, and caused the little craft to careen badly, absolutely stopping the engines for a few moments. In an instant, a wild scrambling and splashing of water all around our bows, coupled with the sudden appearance of a number of snouts, protruding eyes and stubby ears wildly darting off in every direction, gave us the clew to the cause of our sudden stoppage — in making a turn, we had run directly into a herd of hippopotami which were feeding in the river, and had struck one of them squarely. They are timid creatures as a rule, in spite of their unwieldly bulk; but when wounded or injured in any way may, and do, frequently charge fiercely. Seldom does one see more than the eyes and nostrils protruding for two or three seconds, as the head is raised to get a breath of air: for the hippopotamus generally walks along the river bottom, completely submerged, though with his back only a few inches beneath the surface, while he feeds upon the plants and succulent roots that grow beneath. Of course, when not feeding, they frequently come up on the higher ground; and their tracks are the most numerous of any to be found in this part of the world. Until he reaches maturity, the young hippopotamus is a pinkish flesh

shade, as though he had been parboiled, but he turns to a dark brownish purple after attaining his "majority"; and young crocodiles also are a dark brown, often difficult to perceive when they are lying amid the muddy, black roots of plants, or on a soil that blends with their own dark color; while the older ones — those who have attained to man-eating size, become a dingy grayish-green. Color is not lacking in this great, wild, well-watered garden of Nature; for woven in and out amid the stalks of the papyrus and ambatch are millions of blossoms — pink, white and yellow predominating, and resembling morning-glories in shape, though somewhat larger. Water-lilies, yellow and white, also occur frequently, and there are occasionally to be found here a few large insects like the "rhinoceros beetle," and other rare tropic forms. Through the rank growth of vegetation the trails lead everywhere — elephant, rhinoceros, lion, buffalo — for the quadruped is here the lord and monarch of a wild realm, and the rule of the stronger, and the survival of the fittest, are the laws of the land. And now, also, day and night, the great swamp fires surround us — heavy palls of smoke overhang the Gedîd, and hover around the horizon in ponderous masses by day, while leaping flames often thirty feet high, illuminate our river-pathway by night, sometimes far away where sky and

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swamp seem to meet in one universal gloom where the brush of fire has not yet spread its lurid paint, and at other times sweeping down along the river just while we are passing: very frequently our steamer has to thread her way through tongues of flame that extend fully half way across the channel and far above our heads, while we are half choked by the heavy, pungent smoke, and everything exposed is covered with a thick coating of ashes. Around the edges of the flames there hover thousands of small birds — fly-catchers, bee-eaters and others — wating to capture and eat the innumerable insects driven out by the all-devouring element; and every few moments a crackle as of musketry firing greets the ear — the bursting of the reeds and thick, stiff grasses under the scorching heat, as the flames discover fresh pasturage for their insatiable tongues. And if the scene be terrible during the hours of day, one can well believe it is ten times more Tartarean when the ordinarily peaceful mantle of the night is rent and torn by these fiery daggers, and the tranquil darkness of the star-strewn skies is broken by the rattle and roar of an army more mighty than ever man has marshaled — Nature's resistless host of heat and flame, sweeping headlong upon its ungoverned pathway. These fires that occur in the sudd are certainly not incendiary, whatever may be their cause elsewhere; for no

man dwells in these uncharted acres to start them: practically all are caused spontaneously by the great heat and extreme dryness; for a temperature of over 120°, continued for several months, as sufficient to cause, and really does cause, most of these holocausts. Yet within two, or at the most three, weeks, the fresh young grass springing up will induce thousands of herbivorous creatures to drift down upon these flat, swampy plains, and daylight will show anywhere numbers of water-buck, cob, oribi, roan, the rare "Mrs. Grey's water-buck," and others of the deer tribe mingled with buffalo and brush-buck, wart-hog and giraffe, elephant and rhinoceros; and in the track of these, the fiercer carnivora, seeking the game that has wandered down here from the far interior regions.

As we progressed further southward, the channel became more and more winding, and the steering correspondingly wretched: admitting that the turns and twists of the river are very sudden and sharp at times, and the current a full four miles per hour, yet that is no excuse for the bad steering on the part of the two helmsmen, government employés on a government steamer, which went unrebuked and even unnoticed by the Reis (captain). It is a fact that not only once or twice, but very frequently during the entire time we were in this part of the sudd, the steersman ran the bows of the steamer at full speed into the

bank, with its great towering masses of papyrus reaching over our decks; then allowing the craft to swing around until she was moving bows foremost *down* stream instead of pointing in the direction toward which we were supposed to be going; then repeating the remarkable performance of butting into the bank a second time while on the down-stream course, and following it with another swing — this time of our stern — until ultimately the steamer occupied the position she should have been in all along — bows to the south and stern to the north — but with a loss of about a mile in actual traveled distance toward our destination — and all these evolutions performed without any reference as to whether the channel were crooked or straight, wide or narrow. Some of the jars were so violent that the metal-covered roof of the barge fastened to the side of the Gedîd was crushed along its entire length by frequent contact with the steamer, which often compressed the barge between itself and the bank; for there never seemed to be any suggestion of stopping the engines, or even of slowing down, until after the Gedîd had struck; and usually the slowing-down process was only resorted to when it was absolutely necessary to go ahead full speed. The Reis certainly knew his channel well, but more capable men at the wheel would have been better for the welfare of the boats, and certainly for the

comfort of the passengers. After one day of this sort of thing, followed by a rehearsal the next forenoon, I took the opportunity of inquiring at the pilot house whether they were all asleep, or were practicing the cook's boy at the wheel, or whether they were weak and needed a baby to come up and show them how to do it; — all of which gentle suggestions brought grins of approval from the rest of the crew who were lounging around: thereafter I noticed a comparative improvement. And thus, night and day, the unfortunate Gedîd bumped and pounded her way southward, until at last the sudd became less dense; higher ground and small hummocks appeared here and there, and a growth of scrubby trees commenced to develop, occasionally reaching the dimensions of a genuine, though miniature, forest. Huge cacti began to raise their spiny arms toward the cloud-flecked skies, and the thorny, spreading branches of the Euphorbia — or "monkey-puzzler," as the English dub it — could occasionally be seen in the glades. Great trees resembling giant ferns — almost like the lepidodendrons of the Carboniferous period — began to take the place of the light ambatch, and amid the wild tangle of forest growth, agile monkeys and gaudily plumaged birds disported, while baldheaded, wise-looking marabout and cranes and pelicans haunted the shore wherever it ap-

peared visible amid the reeds. Early one morning, while we were passing through this region, which seemed like a rejuvenated world, the Reis, pointing to a small stream on the eastern bank, informed us that it was the upper end of the Bahr-el-Zaraf — the same river that we had passed many days before, just prior to entering Lake No, and which had trailed its watery length along through the heavy sudd and reappeared now at its parent stream, after its long battle with the rank tropic growth that proved so fatal to the success of the expedition of Baker-Pacha and his party a half century ago, and which has only recently been conquered by men of the same unconquerable race to which he belonged.

After days of the unbroken shore and sky line furnished by the sudd, it was indeed pleasant to see once more now and then a tiny village of Shilluks, Dinkas or Bari, close by the river, and to watch their lazy black bodies stretched out in the shade of their grass huts or crouched in the bushes along the banks, half afraid even yet of the wood-devouring monster that breathes forth smoke and goes wheresoever it wills, despite of wind or tide.

CHAPTER XII

AND now we are in a new country — not geographically, for all of this region is now considered as part and parcel of the Sûdan — but new in its life, in its vegetation, in its divergencies and differences from what has preceded it; we have passed the last pylon of this continental temple of Nature,— the dividing line between northern and southern life and scenes is behind us.

Our first landing was made soon after passing out of the sudd, at Shambè; fortunately for us, a wood-station has been located here, for the Gedîd's supply of fuel had become practically exhausted after her long struggle through the timberless, seemingly endless stretches of marsh. Shambè is likewise a military post of the upper Sûdan; and at the time we reached there, a punitive military expedition was just on the point of departure for the distant portion of the Bahr-el-Ghazal district — a region so called after the great river whose numerous ramifications drain — or more truly water — hundreds of square miles of territory to the westward. The light of the camp fires at night, the hurrying to and fro of

the soldiers and their attendants, the gathering together of the herds of long-horned cattle and the many bags of grain, which two latter articles went toward making up the commissary department of the expedition, was certainly a most interesting spectacle. The privates as well as the officers were all native Sûdanese — dressed in regulation khaki, it is true, but in as *little* of it as military discipline permitted, and all of them were absolutely minus shoes. The expedition, which consisted of some thirty-five men and officers, left Shambè about 1 a. m., and later reports which we received stated that it had achieved its object.

Within ten days or two weeks thereafter, at a point no very great distance away, the troops stationed in the neighborhood had another fight which, had it occurred in Europe, America or any other "civilized" region, would have filled the newspaper columns for days, and been heralded as a real "battle"; yet here it was considered nothing more than a mere fracas, such as breaks out continually, and to which no importance whatever is attached. From the lips of a participant I heard the story of the "skirmish," as he was pleased to call it, and it gives a very good insight into the conditions that have to be met in the Sûdan — or, at least, the southern part thereof — in any attempt made to really govern the country. It seems that at one of the native villages near the

river, when the government tax collector came to make his annual visit, and to get the usual tithes, his demand was at first refused, and upon his repeated efforts to induce the villagers — who were all Dinkas — to pay their regular dues, he was attacked and badly mauled, escaping with several spear wounds as well as a clubbing; the alleged reason for the villagers' refusal being that the collector had come too late in the season and they had nothing left wherewith to pay — (the tribute consisting of cattle or grain, all of which they had disposed of, or so claimed). Of course, had such an affront to an official not been promptly taken up, and punishment meted out to the offenders, the authority of the government would have been opposed everywhere, and no one would have been safe; so an expedition of twenty or twenty-five native soldiers, led by two white officers, started immediately for the village to demand the taxes with an added indemnity; and further, that those who had instigated the attack upon the collector be delivered up for trial and punishment. As these taxes are generally paid in the shape of cattle or grain, and as the former are the most valued and treasured possessions of the natives, it is obvious that a demand for an indemnity in addition to the whole amount of the taxes would not only be refused, but any attempt to enforce the demand would be met by force; therefore, strat-

egy was absolutely necessary. The troops sailed up the river on one of the gunboats until within a few miles of the village, and landed during the night. Through the darkness they marched, and about 3 a. m. reached their destination, and promptly surrounded the village. At a signal, the troops set fire to the houses on the windward side of the town, which, being composed entirely of thatch, burned promptly. The rapid spread of the fire aroused the natives, who, armed with spears and kerries, attacked the troops, who were crowding into the town from all directions; several of the latter were injured, and firing commenced, resulting in the wounding of five or six, one of whom afterward died. My informant was struck on the knee by a heavy kerrie thrown with good aim by one of the defenders; but in a short time the natives fled to the shelter of the brakes and reeds surrounding what a few hours before had been their village, for by this time the flames had consumed every house. The wounded were taken on board the steamer for medical treatment, and all the other natives that could be found were collected together in one place; the women, children and aged men were left to look after their herds and crops, and rebuild the town; and after taking the rightful sum due for the taxes, as well as the indemnity, the troops withdrew, taking the rest of the population

with them as captives, to be tried before the governor of the local province. At the trial, the instigators of the attack upon the official were punished by fines of cattle and a merely nominal period of imprisonment; the rest, after a severe lecture, were permitted to return to their homes and assist in the work of rebuilding. The casualties were slight — three killed and about a dozen more or less severely wounded on both sides, but the lesson was salutary, and for at least a year to come I was told that there would be no further trouble in that neighborhood, in any event. But these are matters of almost weekly occurrence in this lawless region.

A friend of mine living at Renk had an experience which gives another good illustration of how one carries one's life in one's hands in these wild regions. He had unexpectedly come to Renk on the steamer with me, arriving about 8 p. m. His native servant was at the landing stage to join him on his way to Khartûm, and his house in Renk was locked and apparently deserted. My friend, however, remembered that some official papers had been inadvertently left in his house which he would need in Khartûm, since he is one of the government officials; so he went up to get them, as his residence was but a short distance off. Just as he approached the door he heard a slight noise in one of the rooms, and

creeping around to one side, he found a window open. He sprang in, and was at once grappled with by an unseen antagonist. After a brief struggle, the intruder was overcome, and proved to be a stalwart native Dinka, whose weapons — spear and knife, the latter having been dropped by him in the scuffle — were found in the room. But my friend returned quietly to the boat, after turning his prisoner over to one of the soldiers stationed there, and narrated the adventure rather as a joke, though he had been slightly injured by the burglar's knife before it had been dropped. The bloodthirsty, fierce, lawless existences of the tropics are by no means confined to the savage quadruped — the biped has his share of these qualities also. But to return to Shambè: the houses here differ slightly from most of the houses — or "tukls," as they are called in the native dialect — which we had previously encountered, and are more nearly like those of Uganda and the Congo region. The roofs are quite high and very heavily thatched; there are frequently no walls, the roofs being supported by posts of wood erected without any mud, reeds or other material interwoven between them; and many of the houses, instead of being round, are square or in parallelogram form,—a variety of buildings which we had not before encountered. Likewise, Shambè can boast of more chameleons than any

town we visited during the entire trip up the Nile; they roam everywhere, and are as content indoors as outside. We spent a hot, sultry afternoon wandering around the town, and hunting for crocodiles along the river bank, but only one was found; meanwhile the crew of the steamer was occupied in taking on wood; then came the cool, starry night, without any moon to detract from the still loveliness of the southern cross and his scintillant court of antarctic diamonds; on the landward side of the steamer the hum of the military expedition preparing for its two-weeks' "safari" into the sunset-land, and on the riverward side, only the silence of an infinite vastness, scarcely broken by the quivering ripples of water against our side, as some thirsty creature — rhinoceros, buffalo or other wild game — glided stealthily down to the dark flowing stream to quench its thirst — and then, before the torches of the dawn had shed their glow across the gray void above, the Gedîd once more started toward the as yet distant terminus of our voyage. A glorious, golden tropic day followed, bringing in its train the by now familiar sights of native villagers, game trails, and often the game itself, all once more plentiful under the equatorial skies; for this is a portion of the country where the game is protected against the destroyer, man; and shortly before noon we reached Kenisa, so called from

a mission station — (Kenisa meaning "church" in Arabic —), which was built here early during the last century. But the climate was so inimical to health, and proved so fatal to the Europeans composing the staff of the mission, that it was soon after abandoned, and the tangled, forsaken garden that adjoined it is alone left to mark the spot. The native village on the west bank has usurped its name, however, and covers quite a large extent of ground. In front of nearly every house, there stands a great wooden mortar, hollowed from the trunk of a tree, for grinding — or rather crushing — the grain used by the natives in making bread; the "pestle" is a long, heavy beam or club, requiring both hands to work it; and the process of crushing is done exclusively by the women or girls. A curious habit which I first observed here, though it was frequently noticeable further south, is for the natives to rub their faces, and often their entire bodies, with ashes, giving them a horribly corpse-like appearance; and frequently hematite is mixed with the ashes, which certainly does not accentuate their beauty. I was told that this is a custom among the young men when they have just reached manhood,—say sixteen or seventeen years; and it is accompanied by certain ceremonies and rites, thus taking the place of the Hebrew custom of circumcision, or the Christian

form of baptism; after the ceremonies and the "anointing" with ashes, the youth ceases to be a "boy," and becomes a full-fledged man, taking his place in the councils of the village and of the tribe as an equal of the older heads. If this method of quasi-sartorial adornment is intended to make the "victim" more attractive, it certainly falls short of its object, though it may possibly afford some slight protection against the bites and stings of insects, which make living here exceedingly miserable during the rainy reason. Hills of the white ants are usually numerous at Kenisa, not only around, but also within the very precincts of the settlement.

About a mile west of Kenisa are several large lakes, bordered thickly by acacias, and only to be approached by narrow trails leading through dense swamps; these lakes fairly swarm with hippopotami, and the entire surface between these lakes and the river is simply a net-work of tracks of those huge pachyderms; often these tracks are worn down to a depth of a foot or more, and are interspersed wth great mud-cracks left from the previous rainy season. Two of our fellow-passengers, Miss Buxton and Captain Fox, of the Mongalla province, went off as soon as we arrived, to see if they could manage to "bag" one of the unwieldy creatures, and returned a few hours afterward, each having secured one "hippo"; but

HOUSES OF THE NIAM—NIAMS—KIRO

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they had been compelled to wade up to their waists in mud and water before coming within shooting distance of their game. My wife and I, together with the two Italians and an English army officer, who had joined our party at Shambè, went out after lunch to see if we could have equally as good fortune, but the attempt had to be given up, owing to the extreme heat of the afternoon,— about 112° on shore, for the thermometer marked 104° in my cabin on board the Gedîd. While our two Nimrods were off on their hunt, during the forenoon hours, great excitement was produced in the village by the advent of a wild-cat — a savage-looking, tawny-yellow brute about four feet long — who, in broad daylight, dashed directly into and through the town. The crew of the steamer, the wood carriers, and the entire native population, male and female, quit work at once and assailed the creature with logs, stones, clubs and spears, but it dodged all obstacles for several minutes until finally one man, by a magnificent throw of his spear, succeeded in killing it. In spite of its carnivorous proclivities, I was told that the family of the killer would certainly eat it, as wild-cat was scarce in these parts, and was considered quite a delicacy. Only a few miles from Kenisa is situated the village of the head Sheikh, or King, of the entire Dinka race, by name Kimpo. Fortunately for us, who were quite ready to meet

a genuine native African King on his own soil, Sheikh Kimpo was visiting at Kenisa the day we arrived; and thanks to one of the officers of the Gedîd, I obtained an introduction to his swarthy majesty. Kimpo is uncommonly tall, even in this land of tall men, standing, I should think, about six feet eight; his face is intelligent and shrewd with a touch of good nature, and he is quite an educated King, speaking Arabic and Shilluk as fluently as his native tongue. He was also better clothed than are most of his tribesmen,— even than his body guard; for he wears a fine long gallibiya, or Arab "shirt," reaching nearly to his feet, while his guards are clothed chiefly in strings of beads. After my introduction to his highness, I inquired if I might photograph him, and he replied by inquiring if there was going to be any "backsheesh" for him on account of the operation; I assured him I certainly would not think of asking for his photograph without afterward expressing my appreciation of his courteous permission in a pecuniary manner; whereupon he at once assented, and I photographed him surrounded by his "personal staff" of guards. This was followed by my opening negotiations that ultimately culminated in putting me into possession of his spear — a superb weapon, long and well-formed of polished black wood, adorned with tufts of

marabout feathers at the butt, and tipped with a fine rhinoceros horn for a blade.

Fire is one of the scarcest articles in this region, matches being quite unknown, and the natives at large are even unacquainted with flint and steel; and the smallest spark amid their ashes is most carefully tended and watched. There is one professional fire-maker in each village; and in case he should be absent, and no spark of fire could be found anywhere in the town when needed, the townspeople would have to send to Kimpo's headquarters for a renewed supply; if the fire-maker were at home, however, I was told that he could produce it by the primitive method of rubbing two sticks together. Now, I had heard and read frequently that such a thing was possible, but I preferred to see it done with my own eyes before asserting my belief in the capabilities of such a method; so a search was made through the town to discover the fire-maker, who was shortly on hand. To get good results, only certain kinds of woods are used; and after a few minutes' search on his part to find the proper materials, he commenced operations. His only tools were his hands and feet, two sticks, one of soft wood and about an inch in diameter, the other slightly harder, and not so thick, though rather longer, and a pile of grass and leaves. He first made a

rough notch with a sharp-edged stone in the thicker piece of wood, about midway between the two ends; this he placed on the ground, notch uppermost; and, squatting down, he held it firmly with his feet, one on each end. Beneath the notch he gathered the dry grass and leaves, to serve as tinder, and placed a pinch of sand in the notch; then placing the longer stick upright, with its lower end resting in the notch, he proceeded to twirl it rapidly forward and backward between his hands. In less than two minutes a small red glow of hot charcoal could be seen in the notch where the two sticks met; this he deftly dumped into the leaves beneath, and by blowing thereon, had a respectable flame in a few seconds. Here at Kenisa we had our first sight of the Niam-Niams — the true cannibals of the Belgian Congo and the interior. Repulsive, brutal-looking savages, with flat, broad noses, often with their front teeth filed to a point — (to show their anthropophagous tendencies, perchance —) and usually entirely unclothed, though occasionally wearing a string of beads around their necks, from which there hangs suspended a fetich of some sort — a charm to protect them against injury either by evil spirit, man or beast — such does the Niam-Niam appear in his native wildness. Their weapons are either the bow and arrow — (the latter usually poisoned —) or a curious wristlet, made by them-

selves of soft iron, the front part of which forms a roughly-made triangular edge, prolonged one or two inches, and resembling the "coup-de-poing" of the Palæolithic age, from which it most certainly has evolved. The advantage of the later-developed weapon lies in the fact that it leaves both hands free to use the bow and arrow, whereas the "coup-de-poing" deprived the user of one hand. In close quarters it would be fully as dangerous as either dagger or stiletto if not more so, for it can make a series of dangerous gashes when wielded by an experienced arm, that no other known weapon could surpass.

There was so much to see at Kenisa, and our day there had proved so exciting and full of interest, that it was with rather regretful feelings we beheld the shore line receding further and further from our slowly moving craft,— but the unknown still beckoned us onward.

CHAPTER XIII

THE banks now became somewhat higher, and land plants and bushes took the place of the interminable papyrus and swamp grass. Here and there a few native tukls clustered together along the banks of the Bahr el Gebel, half hidden in the rank vegetation; and ultimately we reached the settlement called Bor — infested with mosquitoes, and said to be a most unhealthful place for Europeans; here we found several members of the Bari tribe — finely formed fellows, more savage and warlike than the Shilluks and Dinkas around them, and as intractable as they were in the days of Baker and Stanley. They live principally in the interior of the country, away from the haunts of civilization, though their tribe is represented by a few scattered families here and there along the less frequented portions of the river. Their bows and arrows are somewhat crudely made, and — as is the case with the Nuers further to the south — usually each man carries but a single arrow, though occasionally one may find a Bari with two — never more. The bows are from four to five feet long, strung with the sinews of deer or rhinoceros, and ornamented

with brass wire and snake skins. Here, where three great tribes meet, the difference in racial types, costumes and weapons is specially noticeable. The variations between the Dinkas and the Shilluks have been already alluded to; the Baris are somewhat smaller than the two other races mentioned, and are more negroid in features; the Bari spear is essentially different from those of the other tribes, in that it is more roughly made, and generally has a small, narrow head, with a ridge down the center like that of the Shilluk. The Baris alone of these three nations use the bow and arrow, never the harpoon; nor do they carry the clubs and staffs of office as do their neighbors. The suspicious, self-important manners of the warlike Bari, also are quite different from the equally suspicious but more timid manners of the Shilluk and the Dinka. The houses of Bor are usually made of stakes driven into the earth, with mud plastered in between them, instead of woven grass or reeds; and the roofs, while thatched, have a large number of transverse bands of rawhide or woven grass rope laid around them horizontally, instead of the simple, plain thatch of further north. Goats and chickens are to be found here, dwelling with the householder on terms of perfect equality, just as does "Paddy's" pig (traditionally) in the "Emerald Isle."

Besides the Bari, the great tribe of the Nyambara are scattered throughout all this region of the Sûdan — a race allied to the Bari, but perhaps not so warlike. As hippopotamus meat is the staple article of diet around Bor, we were quite prepared to see on every hand the necessary adjuncts for hunting that animal; and early in the morning of the next day — (for we spent the night here —) eighteen dug-out canoes, carrying from three to five men each, glided stealthily by file out from the river bank on the town side; then rapidly crossing the river, they swiftly paddled up stream, closely hugging the bank — the regular village hunting party on their safari after their huge game. Being low in the water, clumsy, and easy to overturn, when at any time our steamer came near any of these native craft in motion, they promptly darted into some smaller bayou, or into the reeds, often gathering these latter around and over their boats to avoid being seen, and also as a species of anchorage to avoid our back-wash. We started from Bor shortly after the hunting party had left, and passed several of them; the rest had either hidden themselves on our approach, or had turned to follow some fresh hippopotamus trail along one of the innumerable small inlets. From Bor onward, the pawpaw tree is found, but the fruit is very insipid, practically tasteless, and hardly worth the gathering, except in the case of

its being the only fruit obtainable — which here is generally the case. In fact, only at one point between El Duêm and Mongalla could good fruit be found and that was at the Doleib Hill mission station on the Sobat river, where the missionaries kindly donated to us a large basket of excellent limes and some bananas, which latter, after being allowed to ripen for a few days, were quite toothsome delicacies. Bor, like the other towns along the river, is much scattered; the houses are frequently built with low walls and very high roofs, while tukls resembling those found in Uganda become more numerous. The inhabitants are usually tall and bony; negroid types of face begin to predominate; and so far as costume goes, a ragged bit of goat skin or deer skin serves the female for an entire year's wardrobe, if one adds a few beads, and the transverse sections of elephants' tusks, one to three inches high and with the interior part cut out, so that they can be used as bracelets or anklets, as fancy dictates. These ivory adornments and the beads are considered amply sufficient for the men without the unnecessary addition of the skin apron. I succeeded in securing a photograph of what I think was the belle of the village — a dusky damsel about six feet tall, in a characteristic attitude of waiting, perhaps for a hippopotamus-hunting Romeo, which does full justice to the grace and loveliness

of the female inhabitants of Bor. At one of the houses, as I was about to photograph a very interesting group of babies and pickaninnies, two or three years old, the buxom mother came upon me like a charging rhinoceros, and struck my camera upward, giving me at the same time a choice sample of Shilluk "Billingsgate," of which, however, I could not understand a single word; but no proffer of backsheesh could cause her to relent, so those infants will perhaps go down to their graves unphotographed, though they would have made an excellent picture. Down by the river bank, three of the natives were engaged in repairing one of their dug-out canoes, which one of them who could understand Arabic told me had been smashed a day or two previously by being crushed in the jaws of a charging hippopotamus which they had wounded. Their method of repairing the holes made by the teeth of the creature was quite unique — it consisted in placing a large piece of flat wood inside the boat, covering the holes, and then plastering up the inside thickly with clay; then building a small fire inside the boat, and thus baking the clay in position. One of the most interesting features in Bor is its great tribal "zariba," or gathering place for the village at all civil and religious ceremonies. This zariba is a tract of verdureless ground, containing several dead trees, whose bare, white branches stretch like

appealing bones toward the sun-lit skies, and it is surrounded by a high fence of densely interwoven thornbushes, with only two entrances, one on the east and the other on the west. Within the enclosure are many large mud-holes, now baked dry and hard, and also piles of ashes, for use in the ceremonies connected with the emancipation of the males from a condition of "boyhood," and their introduction into the tribe as men; while hanging from one of the old, dead trees were two large war-drums, to assemble the people to council, peaceful or warlike, as the occasion might require. These drums consisted of hollowed logs two or three feet long, with skins stretched tightly over the ends and fastened down by thongs of sinew; and it is said that they can be heard to a considerable distance. Some horizontal logs resting on two forked sticks here and there, showed signs of having been used for the purposes of a barbaric, primitive barbecue, though the probabilities are that meat served in its raw state is much preferred to the cooked variety. Were it not that Bor is located on the river, however, it would not be impossible that the barbecue in question might consist of human flesh, for all these tribes are more or less anthropophagous, and are not averse to a taste of their fellow man, if there is no likelihood of governmental retribution to follow.

Resuming our journey about ten o'clock in the morning, we found the country covered with many large and dense forests, interspersed with open fields, and these latter were covered with herds of water-buck, roan and other game; once the ugly form of a wart hog appeared scurrying through the underbrush, and in one of the forest groups we saw our first drove of baboons. Some of these horrible caricatures of humanity stood on their hind legs near the bank, watching the steamer as she passed, a few with their arms around one another's necks, the rest with their arms dangling carelessly at their sides; others would gallop away on all-fours for a few yards and then stop and stand erect, turn and glare viciously at the huge creation that the ingenuity of their fellow-vertebrate had constructed, which dared to molest the sanctity of their æon-old asylum. Many which were up in the trees would drop from branch to branch, hanging by their hands, or climb and jump swiftly from one tree to another, following the steamer's course. Hideous-looking brutes they certainly are, the more so for their grotesque resemblance to the human species that dwells in the same latitudes.

From this time onward, we found houses frequently built on pilings six or seven feet high, for a protection against wild animals; we also noticed numerous large square structures of poles, with

platforms, half way up, perhaps eight or ten feet from the ground, but without either roofs or walls; these served for sleeping places at night and for "sitting-rooms" by day, when erected in the villages; those in the fields, however, are rest-houses and watchmen's shelters, where a lookout is generally kept against prowling marauder, either quadruped, biped or bird, that might be inclined to prowl or trespass upon the newly-planted grain — for these people have a slight — *very* slight in reality — touch of the agriculturist in their composition — that is, the women possess it, seldom the men. Here Dinkas, Shilluks and Baris are so intimately assimilated that they appear to have amalgamated into one general "olla podrida" of ignorance and superstition, and even the language is mongrel.

So through banks seamed with animal trails leading up from the river, the Gedîd forged onward, along an ever narrowing channel, until we reached Tombè — another wood station, located in rather a pretty situation. The houses are not very well kept, being usually surrounded by a jumble of water-jars, spears, wood for arrow shafts and bows, skins and strips of drying raw-hide, and all the mixed impedimenta natural to an ignorant, careless race — quite different from the conditions existing further down the river, where apparently the owners possess nothing, outside or

inside their dwellings, save the spears, shields and clubs that are universally carried.

I noticed here also several small, round structures, not more than three or four feet in diameter, for storing and keeping grain, bananas, etc.,— for bananas now begin to be frequently in evidence, though the fruit is small, poor, tough and tasteless.

Night came hovering over the heavens while we lingered at Tombè; for the first time since leaving Khartûm — (how many months it seemed! —) the darkened skies were illuminated at intervals by soft, faint flushes of distant lightning — dim reflections of storms borne on the rugged bosoms of the great mountain chain in the far-off interior, scattering their arrows far and wide over veldt and forest, and vieing with the stars in their scintillant beauty. Onward went the Gedîd the next morning before the sun had risen: after leaving Tombè the eastern bank falls within the domain of the Nuer race — equally warlike as the Bari and rather more treacherous; the bow and poisoned arrow are their favorite weapons, as the spear is rather too cumbersome for their stealthy craftiness. They seldom come near the river, preferring the forests of their own highlands further off in the interior. The timber growth here is largely composed of such rare woods as rosewood, ebony, mahogany and other

BARI VILLAGE NEAR UGANDA FRONTIER

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trees of like character, and so plentiful are they that their timber is used for fuel on the steamers, as they burn well and produce a great amount of heat. As we proceeded, the banks gradually increased in height, until they often rose twenty feet or more above the level of the river; the forests also became larger, though usually they ceased some little distance back from the water's edge.

Early the next day, before breakfast in fact, when only one or two of the passengers had appeared on deck, the steamer passed a large herd of elephants, which had just left the river, and were within only a few hundred yards of our craft when she came up with them. Knowing that stragglers from the herd were very apt to be in the neighborhood, all of us, on hearing the news, were on the "qui vive"; for this was our first herd of elephants, although for days past we had been steaming through a region where, as a rule, they are frequently met with. And our patience — or rather impatience — was finally rewarded, for shortly after breakfast I spied, at a distance of perhaps half a mile, a huge gray bulk slowly moving along the outer edge of the forest, and it needed no second glance to prove that it was indeed one of those great pachyderms which we had been watching for so earnestly. Most impressive was it to watch that great, ponderous form, Nature's largest living creation, slowly forcing his

way along, crushing in his passage large shrubbery and trees as though they were no more than blades of grass, with a rhythmic swinging of his great trunk to left or right as he fed upon the fresh leaves or grasses growing luxuriantly on all sides. His majestic advance reminded one of that of Time himself, resistless, unwavering, steady — "dark, stern and pitiless, and pausing not to muse upon the fearful ruin he hath wrought." We watched him for fully twenty minutes, until a bend in the river hid him from our view. Great eagles, brown or black, with white heads, breasts and tails, hovered over our heads, or stood grasping the limb of some great tree, and gazed, wild-eyed and untameable, as the steamer pushed her way onward; and storks, pelicans and many small birds flocked everywhere in the warmth of the sunshine of a tropic day.

CHAPTER XIV

AND now we were approaching that section of the Belgian Congo called the "Lado Enclave"— leased some years ago by the British (who did not own it) to King Leopold of Belgium, and now about to be returned to England on account of the King's recent death.

Coarse, high "elephant grass" covers the banks of the Bahr el Gebel, and palm trees and euphorbias are frequent, as well as the "sausage tree," whose long, large fruit, shaped lke a well-made Bologna sausage, growing to a length often of three or four feet, hangs suspended from long green stalks in great profusion. Here, too, we sighted a small herd of antelope, nimble and graceful, while a few parrots climbed among the trees, their colors making bright flashes as they moved here and there among the foliage. The high banks of the river were dotted and honey-combed with holes, which are inhabited by the pretty little "bee-eaters," and by small black and white kingfishers; and as we approached Kiro, the first landing place in the Congo, I noticed a long wall of brickwork and masonry,— apparently the remains

of former barracks and fortifications — on the edge of the bank, the two ends of which had fallen into the river, so thoroughly had they been undermined by these vigorous little diggers. From Kiro, looming up in the distance over the wide stretches of thornbush, elephant grass and shrubbery, in a southwesterly direction, rises the great peak of Gebel Lado — brown and hazy under the shimmering sunshine of these tropic skies,— a peak which once only, I believe, has known a footprint of the European, and that only very recently. Here at Kiro we saw several of the anthropophagous Niam-Niams, true cannibals and savages though superficially tamed a bit here along the shining water-road, everyone carrying his "coup-de-poing" wristlet for a weapon, clothed (perhaps) in a fragment of lion or leopard skin, or with his string or two of beads around neck or waist, but usually only in the light and air that Nature furnishes so bountifully and cheaply for clothing to the just and to the unjust. Their thick, sensuous lips, pointed teeth and flat noses make a disagreeable contrast to the better featured tribes among whom they are found here in the Lado district. Large banana plantations are cultivated near Kiro, and association with the Belgian officials stationed here has been effective enough to cause a few of these natives of the Congo — (with the exception of the Niam-

Niam) — to occasionally don fragments of European clothing — a shirt or cast-off pair of ragged trousers, being witnesses to the progressiveness and adaptability of the select few. We spent but a short time at Kiro; then, floating onward over an ever-narrowing river, we swept forward until we reached the settlement of Lado, chief town and capital of the Enclave region, occupied by several most courteous Belgian officials in addition to the native population. The town is a military post, and quite civilized in appearance after the long days of semi-savagery that had preceded. Everything, of course, was in rather a confused state, the Belgians being engaged in making their preparations for departure, prior to turning over the Enclave to its British claimants. The houses, while usually entirely of thatch, are commodious and well-built in the European quarter, occupying the southern part of the town near the river bank; and frequently they have porches entirely surrounding them, thus receiving sufficient shade to mitigate the great heat of the dry season — and hot it most undeniably is, even in February, the thermometer hovering around the one hundred mark. The air of military authority which is perceivable everywhere in Lado produces a most excellent impression of stability in this region where lawlessness seems to be the only law generally recognized, and the rule of fear the only

guardian of the peace. Women clothed in long black gallibiyas like their Arab sisters a thousand miles north, or else in brilliant shawls and petticoats of European importation, congregated along the bank where vessels tie up, selling vegetables and fruits, which they bring in pottery jars and exhibit spread upon bits of cloth laid upon the ground; and the bustle and confusion of the landing stage was like nothing we had seen since leaving El Duêm. The barracks are large and comfortable-looking; and it speaks well for the management of the Belgian officials stationed here that they have been able to take even the wild Niam-Niam along with the members of the more peaceable tribes of the Congo, and mold them all into a body of soldiers whose discipline and behavior is excellent. The question naturally suggests itself, however, whether the inborn love of human flesh and the wild, untrammeled existence of previous centuries which has left its impress in their blood, and which was a matter of daily life only a few years ago, may not break out at some inopportune moment, and sweep away in a few seconds all that it has taken civilization decades to inculcate. However, just now they appear not only contented, but proud of their present status, though this may be due to the buttons, shining accoutrements and other paraphernalia of army life that appeals so irre-

sistibly to the uneducated, even in civilized regions. Lado is one of the great centers of the ivory trade; several houses had elephant tusks piled in front of them, and one house had the entire portico on all four sides absolutely covered with fine tusks five and six deep. That this is only slaughter, pure and simple, must strike everyone. The native quarter is inland a short distance from the river bank, and is built somewhat on the lines of a genuine city, for there is a broad stretch of sand running straight through the center of the town, which does duty as a main street, on each side of which are erected the houses of the natives, each dwelling being separated from its neighbor,— this is evidently the result of European supervision and influence. Yet both in the architecture of their houses, and in their own costumes, the natives show a predilection for their own special styles. The huts are nearly all square, with high, thatched walls and tall, pointed, smooth-thatched roofs, slightly concave: grain crushing was being carried on out-of-doors in front of many of the dwellings at the time we were there; the grain is placed on a skin of some sort spread out upon the ground, and kneeling women roll it with large wooden rollers — very different from the pounding method used further north. In the village itself, the female costume is by no means so elaborate as that worn

down at the river, for it adheres nearer to the fashionable taste of the native than to that of the European. After all, those gaudily-colored shawls and dark gallibiyas seem rather out of place here, and the crudely-draped bit of cloth or leopard skin seems more true to the demands of this land which lies almost under the glow of the equatorial sun. Belgian Congo occupies the west bank of the Bahr el Gebel; the other side of the river nominally belongs to and forms a district of the Sûdan, being under the supervision and administration of that country: but in reality it is a "no man's land," where fierce beast and fiercer man roam at large, unmolested save by an occasional visit of some government official on a shooting trip; and existing in the same wild state that forty centuries in their passage have found — (and left) — it. Glowing showers of sunshine were pouring down upon us as we left Lado, and turned our bows toward Mongalla, the outpost of the rule of the Sûdan, and limit of that country on the south. Latuka, Bari and Nuer tribes occupy most of the surrounding territory, and not infrequently a native of Uganda appears, though as a a rule the Uganda tribes are great stay-at-homes, and when engaged for a safari, are very apt to desert a day or two after their departure from their villages. Several large rubber plantations have been recently started here, which promise to

well repay the trouble and time spent in bringing the trees to the point where their sap becomes remunerative, which I was told was in their fifth year. Only one plantation has been in existence for that period of time, but its productiveness in 1910 was most encouraging, and it promises to do even better in the future. A stiff wind was blowing as we neared the high, tree-covered bank whereon Mongalla is situated; and one of our passengers having carelessly left a deck chair open on the promenade deck, the wind suddenly whirled it overboard. In two or three seconds, a couple of splashes were heard from the barge, and the next moment two black heads were discernible, swimming swiftly toward the floating chair. They quickly reached it, and endeavored to return with it to the boat; but the strength of the current bore them steadily away from us down stream, while the strong north wind, acting upon the exposed upper works of the Gedîd, kept her moving up-stream, so that the distance between them and ourselves steadily widened. The felucca, which during the voyage had been generally towed astern, had now been taken aboard the barge; and in the confusion and hurry incident to launching it to rescue our two sailors, who were being rapidly borne back toward Khartûm, the felucca was dropped into the water stern foremost, instantly filled and sank of course, and was at once useless

for salvage purposes. Then another of our crew — a brawny, black Sûdâni — volunteered to swim out to them with a small rope tied around his body, and plunged in; but his shipmates on board paid out the rope so slowly that all expectation of help in that manner came to a speedy end, and it was only with difficulty that the last swimmer regained the barge. By this time the chair and its rescuers were fully half a mile away — and in a river that was infested with crocodiles; and every instant we expected to see one or both of our men seized and dragged under by some voracious saurian. Luckily for them, however, an eddy in the stream sent them comparatively near the east bank, where they succeeded in landing about a mile below Mongalla; and shortly after we had tied up at the landing place, they triumphantly appeared, bringing with them the cause of all the excitement.

Mongalla is a beautifully situated town and station; the banks are quite high, and are covered with numerous groups of doleib palms, through whose massive leaves the winds roar with a sound comparable only to that of heavy surf beating on some rocky beach. The houses of the European residents, all of whom are government officials, civil as well as military, are large, cool and comfortable, with pleasant verandas attached; and the forest growth in the

vicinity of the town is particularly noticeable. Herds of zebra, as well as the larger members of the deer family, are found in the neighborhood: one young zebra, whose dam was killed by a lion only a short distance from the town, had been recently found by a party of natives on safari, and brought to the village, where it has been "adopted" by the governor, Mr. O'Sullivan, and it is now quite tame and a special pet in the neighborhood: doves, guinea keets, and numbers of birds with long legs and beaks, whose names I could not learn, are plentiful, especially near the river. Thanks to the kindness of Capt. Fox, who had come with us all the way from Khartûm to assume his official position at this post—(for Mongalla is the last military station in the Sûdan towards the south)—I obtained the loan of a gun, and under the guidance of a shikari, who was also an officer in the garrison posted here, I had an afternoon's shooting. We came across the tracks of deer and lions, but being several hours old, and my time being limited, we did not follow them. The birds, however, offered every opportunity for sport, and in the woods a mile or two back from the town, as well as along the river, I succeeded in making a good bag. Several pelicans and other large birds were to be seen here and there, but were too wary to come within gunshot.

Far to the southward, we could trace the outlines and dark masses of eight or ten great mountains,— many days' "treck," however, beyond our furthest south. By day, the river banks were alive with small brown bats, while at night their place was taken by large red ones, measuring a foot or more from wing tip to wing tip, which swept the dim atmosphere in airy circles, searching for the nocturnal insects that form their principal diet. The arica palm is here predominant, and one finds likewise the "ivory nut" palm in abundance,— so called from its fruit, which is quite hard, and closely resembles ivory in texture, and from which many small objects classed and sold as genuine ivory are undoubtedly manufactured. We had our attention called especially to the beautiful pink flowers of the "ademium"; these flowers are used by the natives for killing fish — they are gathered and placed in ponds and waters where the fish congregate in numbers, and the latter are speedily killed by some sort of poison exhaled by the blossoms, so that a fisherman can thus secure a much larger "catch" than by the slower but more scientific method of rod and line. Strange to say, the poison seems to have no effect upon human beings. Over the fields surrounding Mongalla roam large herds of long-horned Kaffir cattle, which are tamed and

used as beasts of burden, and here usurp the place of the humped bovines found in the more northerly portions of the Sûdan. The natives seem to be quite a decent class of men, clean, polite and alert; and they dress as do the Egyptians and Nubians, very few retaining the style of almost absolute nudity with which we had by this time become so familiar. The weapons, however, remain unchanged, and various kinds of head dress, and the custom of smearing the face and body with ashes or hematite, is yet in vogue. Some of the head-dresses — or rather helmets — which we saw here were of a unique type, though modeled on the lines of those of ancient Greece and Rome: they are composed entirely of human hair, and are thus manufactured. A certain man, by continual greasing and smearing ashes with his hair, succeeds finally in making of his natural hirsute adornment a comparatively solid helmet, which is fashioned either with a high, stiff tuft in the middle, or with a ridge along the center, from his forehead to the back of his neck. At his death, this scalp is carefully shaved from the skull, and his son places it on his own head, where, after long dosing of his own hair with grease and ashes, it ultimately adheres, and the two "wigs" become one perfect, solid helmet of hair: this example will be followed by the next generation, so that a man may often

be seen wearing the ex-wigs of three or four of his predecessors, and have a "helmet" a foot or two high.

One of Kitchener's gunboats, "El Safir" — is stationed at Mongalla, and helps the local authorities in maintaining order; thanks to the kindness of the commanding officer, we were taken on a tour of inspection through this historic little craft. Below the turret are stands of arms,— guns, pistols and cutlasses, as well as spears; and up in the combination turret and conning tower she still carries the gun that played havoc with the Khalifa's forces far-off in Omdurman a decade ago. No other sort of craft could have done the work so well, since these gunboats draw but little water, and have the usual large paddle-wheel astern; and that they were well made and put together is attested by the fact that they are to-day in use, and as good as they were when first launched, in spite of their being stationed so far from any base where repairs could quickly be made. The crew is composed of the same sort of well-drilled men as those who constitute the army of the Sûdan — well-equipped, well-informed, generally from the more northern section of the country, between whom and their officers — (who are, of course, Englishmen) — there seems to be a mutual "esprit" and kindly feeling. That night at Mongalla, a dance was

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arranged to take place on board our steamer, participated in by Governor O'Sullivan and the English officers stationed here, and the music was furnished by the native Sûdâni regimental band — the only band within a thousand miles in any direction: their rendition of the selections was remarkably good; and though the officers danced in large "mosquito boots" reaching above their knees, and the ladies who participated, performed their gyrations in the ordinary clothes and shoes that had done daily duty tramping through the various villages we had passed en route, the "ball" was voted an entire success. The only refreshments that could be mustered into service consisted of "Scotch and soda"— minus ice, of course; but that was considered all sufficient. Of all the pleasant memories of the voyage, probably our stay in Mongalla was the pleasantest.

CHAPTER XV

WE departed from Mongalla soon after breakfast, for the last day of our journey toward the equator: the channel from this point becomes very narrow, with many dangerous shoals; though the banks are far apart, and apparently one is sailing up a wide, deep river, yet in reality one might wade across from shore to shore at almost any point without the risk of being submerged above one's waist, though the presence of the ubiquitous crocodile would make the attempt extremely hazardous; and this shallowness of our river pathway is one of the signs whereby we know that we are approaching the head of navigation of the Bahr el Gebel,— mother of the Nile. The far-off peaks increased in number and altitude as the Gedîd moved along the last lap of her southern voyage under the interwoven threads of glowing sunlight; and shortly after leaving Mongalla, we entered the territory of Uganda, in "British East Africa." Before we were allowed to enter that country, however, an official who had come on board the steamer at Mongalla approached every passenger with en-

quiries as to whether he (or she) carried with them any guns or ammunition, and if so, the make, style and bore of weapon,— variety, kind and quantity of ammunition, etc. Only one of our fellow passengers could answer affirmatively and give detailed replies to the questions — and this was the sturdy young English girl who intended making a hunting trip through Uganda to Mombasa, thus reversing the route followed by Colonel Roosevelt. In Uganda, as in the Sûdan, a permit must be obtained before any guns, powder, shot, bullets or cartridges can be brought or imported into the country; and a license must also be obtained permitting the holder thereof to shoot within the limits of the territory: certain bores of gun are absolutely prohibited; and the number of animals that may be killed is also restricted, some being absolutely protected, while others — such as the lion, leopard, crocodile and one or two more — may be shot in any number by those holding a license. Probably Colonel Roosevelt is the only person wthin recent years who has been allowed to shoot without any restrictions whatever, even the "protected" game being permitted to fill the "bag" of that insatiable Nimrod. The villages of the Bari, which one passes in going from Mongalla to Gondokoro, are mostly built on piles; and the women smear their faces and breasts with hematite, which is exceedingly

plentiful all through this section of country, and would be a valuable commercial asset if any coal were known to exist in the country that could be used in manufacturing iron from the ore, which is quite rich. This part of the province differs greatly from the northerly section of the Sûdan; for here in Uganda palm trees abound, and mimosas, euphorbias and other similar tropic and semi-tropic trees grow to quite a large size. The natives likewise are of a different type from any of their neighbors in the Sûdan; for here we are within less than five degrees of the equator itself, and the various peoples and tribes of Uganda were settled in that country, and to a certain extent had reached a distinct form of government and civilization long decades ago. So we passed onward, toward those peaks that hourly rose higher and higher — the great central African mountain chain which holds Kilimandjaro, Kenia and Ruwenzori in the bosom of its untraveled depths — peaks whose summits crack under the weight of eternal snows, and whose bases seem almost to melt under the glare and heat of tropic suns. And then, just as the great glowing ball of light was slipping downward into the far-distant landscape, and the glow of the mid-afternoon was bathing river, shore, field and forest in a glittering shower of light, we approached Gondokoro, on the east bank — outpost to the north of the

great province of Uganda, and a most attractive looking place as we slowly drew near to the landing. The houses stand back from the river, on the top of a high bluff, and are surrounded by a great number of fine large trees. They are much scattered, however, the telegraph building and post office being fully half a mile away from the governor's residence, and fully double that distance from the main portion of the native town. Gondokoro not only possesses a military detachment, but also a police force, uniformed like those in Egypt; and I found several natives who were not only able to express themselves intelligently in English, but also in Arabic and Swahili —(the native tongue of Uganda)— and one soldier who could speak tolerable Italian, to my very great surprise.

The troops are all natives of the country, and are a fine looking body of men — though this may truthfully be said of all the native Sûdâni soldiers also; the barracks, headquarters of the officials and other government buildings were chiefly constructed of brick, and were built in a substantial manner. The portion of Gondokoro inhabited by the native population lies a short distance northeast of the rest of the town, and there are a few shops here which are termed, by politeness, "the bazaars"— though the name hardly seems to fit closely to the facts. Three or four very

large square structures are occupied by European tradesmen, chiefly Greeks; and the whole place has a very thrifty appearance. The annual rise of the river is only about one foot, so that the high banks absolutely protect the village from any danger of inundation, even during the rainy season: in summer, frequent and severe thunderstorms occur. As the rainy season was due in about three weeks after our arrival, we were not surprised at seeing lightning very frequently during the night time; and the day we arrived a slight rain fell also — forerunner of the terrific downpours that in a few minutes form lakes in every depression of the soil, which remain for the entire period of rainfall — that is to say, two or three months. The mud-brick walls and thatch roofs of the Baganda and other tribes gathered together in this little out-post town of their country, were replaced on the outskirts of the town to the east by a large number of huts or tukls made entirely of grass and reeds; these tukls were built and occupied by the porters who had been engaged to accompany the young English girl mentioned above, on her hunting expedition further southward. As I said, these porters are very apt to leave their employer without previous notice, and return home, when journeying away from their village; so it was thought advisable to bring these men quickly up to Gondokoro from the region of

Mombasa, where they were recruited, so that there would be but little likelihood of their leaving on the return trip, since each day's trek brought them nearer home once more. The huts of these men engaged for the "safari" are simple bee-hive shaped structures, round, and about six feet high, without any line of demarcation between roof and walls, all being interwoven together as a single piece; and the entrance, which is three or four feet long and forms a sort of passageway leading to the interior of the hut, is composed of the same materials as the tukl itself, and is nearly of the same height: the entire structure is bound around and about with bands and ropes of twisted grass. The bearers themselves were a sturdy, stocky set of men, not very tall nor of large frame, but with a good muscular development; and they can carry about sixty pounds weight per man. As they had been waiting at Gondokoro for about three months prior to the arrival of their employer, they had become somewhat restive; so to prevent their departure before the lady in question had put in an appearance, the governor of the province, Mr. Haddon, had employed them on some government work, upon which they were still engaged when the Gedîd reached her destination. One very curious house I noticed was built of woven reeds plaited between upright stakes, after the manner of basket work; it was

open on one side, and the eaves of the house were much wider than the base, as the walls sloped outward in all directions: within it a small child was squatting, with a large sloping stone between the legs, crushing grain thereon with a round wooden roller. With the exception that this manner of preparing grain was carried out upon a stone instead of a skin placed on the ground, this rolling method of making flour is identical with that in use in the Lado Enclave — I saw nowhere here any traces of the pounding process so prevalent further north.

The landscape has altered considerably also: instead of the wide spreading plateaus extending to the far horizon line, here great groups of steep, volcanic looking mountain peaks guard the views beyond, and hold them safe from the eyes that would pierce through their rocky arms to gain a glimpse of the golden land beyond, covered with superb forests and filled with game; and the only trails southward are the paths through those great forests, and among those gray ridges, meandering through swamps and over veldt, which the natives have followed for generations: for shallows and narrows obstruct the course of the Bahr el Gebel to such an extent that not only can no steamer navigate further, but not even the native boats can pass, and only a hunter's small, light canoe is to be seen

floating nearer to the equator along this weird stream after passing beyond the limits of Gondokoro.

The "Melek,"— another of Kitchener's gunboats — was lying here when we arrived, but her duties in a southerly direction cease at this point.

We parted here from two of our companions of the voyage, one of whom was busy preparing for a long hunting safari, while the other intended to await the arrival of Colonel Roosevelt, with whom he had an appointment.

The night of our arrival, my wife and I received an invitation to dine with Governor Haddon; his house is large, cool and comfortable, adorned with a great variety of native weapons and skins — the spoils of the chase, which had fallen before his rifle.

He showed me a letter he had received only that morning by a native runner, which was written by Roosevelt and announced that he would probably arrive in Gondokoro within a few days. The approach of this great hunter decided me to return northward,— a decision which was the more positive because the rainy season likewise was nearly upon us, and rain-frogs and tree-frogs disturbed the quietness of night with their unharmonious gurgles. My barometer marked an altitude of four hundred and ten metres — so we were well above the sea level, on the great central

water-shed of the African continent,— the sun rose and set in huge banks of gray cumulo-nimbus clouds, and the humidity of the atmosphere was becoming noticeable. Two nights and a day did we spend under these gorgeous equatorial skies, within four degrees of the equator itself, with a tropic sun glowing overhead by day, and by night the radiance of the southern cross and his celestial followers.

All too swiftly pass the hours when one has such a paradise spread before one — perchance the fabled lotus-eaters may have dreamed of some similar country, and, dreaming, happy in their present, forgot their past and wished no other future,— in some such region must the vision of Nirvana — of Elysium — of Eden first have come to the tired eyes and hearts of men, for here indeed Nature takes her children by the hand and leads them into paths of pleasantness and peace. Then came a second morning, golden and glowing,— a final gathering of various tongues and peoples at the landing stage; mutual good-bys from those who were being left behind and those who were departing: then the great stern-wheel began once more its steady splashing, and the bows of the Gedîd swing clumsily around until her stern was pointing to the southward, and slowly we crept away from the sweet, fair, far southland — backward through the same inhospitable barriers of

sudd and flame and smoke, day and night, glimpsing in turn Shilluk, Dinka, mission, veldt or forest, onward toward the pole star of the Arctic, until we found again the civilization from which we had been parted — in Khartûm.

OCKER

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